

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 953

MARCH 3, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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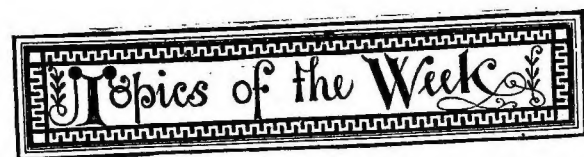
SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



SKETCHES AT VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT



RUSSIA'S LATEST DEMAND.—England, Austria, and Italy are much blamed in Russia for their unwillingness to associate themselves with the Russian demand that the Porte should declare Prince Ferdinand a usurper. It is not easy to make out why it should have been supposed that they would readily support any such proposal. If it were certain that in the event of Prince Ferdinand being deposed Russia would be prepared to let the Bulgarians select a new ruler, and to confirm their choice, there would be no great harm in her present policy. Personally, Prince Ferdinand has no particular claim to consideration, and none of the Powers would hesitate to secure an advantage for Europe by bringing his career as the head of a State to an end. But it is well known that if he were removed from Bulgaria tomorrow the problem which has so long perplexed statesmen would not be a step nearer solution than it is to-day. Russia would insist on a nominee of her own being appointed to the vacant Throne, and she would be as discontented as ever if the administration of affairs in Bulgaria were not wholly under her control. Is it worth while, for the sake of such a result as this, to give Prince Ferdinand notice to quit? The Bulgarians, it must be remembered, would have something to say in the matter. Their position is that they are quite capable of attending to their own business, and, so far as Russia is concerned, their only wish is that she should leave them alone. They are perfectly satisfied with Prince Ferdinand, and, if Russia were as good a friend to them as she professes to be, she also would be satisfied with him. What the Czar and his advisers really want is to keep open the road to Constantinople, and for this reason they hold it to be necessary that Bulgaria should be practically a Russian Province. Nothing short of this will please them, and we must not expect that concessions with regard to questions of minor importance will ever induce them to change the ultimate aim of their policy.

EAST-END SWEATERS.—The so-called "sweating system" is, unfortunately, no new thing. It was flourishing in the days when the "Song of the Shirt" and "Alton Locke" were written, and it probably dates a great deal further back still. Nor is it confined only to the manufacture of ready-made clothing. Wherever there is a handicraft for the prosecution of which small skill is needed, and which admits of minute subdivision of labour, the keenness of competition among producers, and the rage for cheapness (chiefly due to their own poverty) among buyers, will create a state of affairs more or less analogous to the sweating system. It is quite true that the problem has been intensified of late years by the immigration of poverty-stricken Polish Jews and other foreigners, who have been accustomed to a lower standard of living than prevails in this country, and who have consequently to a great extent ousted our native work-people from this miserable employment. We are sorry to say it, but we very much doubt whether the Select Committee which the House of Lords have granted to Lord Dunraven will achieve much practical good beyond keeping this painful subject before the public eye. The real cause of the mischief is neither the hard-heartedness of the contractors nor the grinding of the middlemen—though no doubt the battle of competition renders both these classes hard and grinding enough—but the hopeless mass of poverty which stagnates in all the great cities of the civilised world. This poverty may be in some measure due to bad social laws and customs, but it is far more due to individual misfortune and misconduct, either on the part of the victims themselves, or of their parents and other belongings. Hence the battle for employment even at starvation wages; hence the passion for buying flimsy goods because they are cheap. Even if the Select Committee were to recommend the exclusion of foreign immigrants and of foreign slop-made goods, the evil would not be remedied, for the sweating system flourished when all our workpeople were of home-growth, and would go on flourishing still. More effective remedies would be the enforcement by law of habits of thrift, foresight, and temperance; systematised emigration; and, to stay the perpetual influx from the rural districts, a far more liberal development of the allotment-system than exists at present.

THE SPEED OF MAIL STEAMERS.—Not so many years ago, an average rate of eight knots an hour for mail steamers was considered very good going. Now, however, Mr. Henniker Heaton grows because those engaged in the Australian service are only called upon to maintain twelve knots an hour. This includes, of course, all stoppages and detentions on an exceptionally long and trying voyage. But because some of the steamers employed could do sixteen knots an hour, we hurrying Englishmen are bound to be dissatisfied. The question at stake is really one of expense. Give the P. and O. Company or the Orient Line *carte blanche*, and they would be willing, no doubt, to contract for a higher rate of speed. But the postal service with the Antipodes already involves a very serious loss, and were any

Postmaster-General to show sublime disregard for economical considerations, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would probably glower at him in somewhat sulky fashion. Even supposing that the delivery of the mails were accelerated by four or five days, would any one be much the gainer? Australian merchants and English shippers do all their really important business by telegraph, and could the charge for that be sensibly reduced, the smaller men would gain an appreciable addition to their incomes. But an acceleration of the mail service by a few days would neither benefit the tritons nor the minnows of commerce, while it matters very little to private individuals whether their letters occupy five weeks or six in transmission. The case of India is altogether different. Our Imperial exigencies demand the quickest possible means of communication with that country, so as to have everything in readiness for sending out reinforcements at a moment's notice. And this controversy about the Australian mail service sets one thinking whether, now that we can build oceanic steamers to maintain a speed of sixteen knots an hour on long voyages, we might not turn the Cape route to more account as a military road to our Eastern Empire.

BY-ELECTIONS.—Immense importance is now attributed to by-elections. For many days before the decision was taken at Deptford we heard almost as much about the chances of the rival candidates as the country used to hear in former times about a General Election. Yet again and again experience has shown that by-elections do not afford a trustworthy test of the direction of public opinion. When a General Election is in progress, the whole nation is excited about certain definite issues. The leaders of the various parties expound their policy, and, as far as possible, attention is devoted exclusively to the really important questions in dispute. Local considerations are not wholly neglected, but in most constituencies they take a subordinate place, and the majority of voters act in accordance with their conception of the conditions of national well-being. At the present time, when a subject of vast moment occupies the minds of politicians, there is a chance that even in by-elections the popular judgment will be to some extent swayed by influences not unworthy of a great public function; but local influences are certain to have more weight than properly belongs to them, so that the result cannot be safely taken as an accurate indication of what is being thought in other towns or districts. After all, this is perhaps pretty generally recognised. Nowadays newspapers are nothing if not sensational, and it may be that by-elections attract so much notice simply because it suits journalists to make a fuss about them when nothing of a more exciting nature is happening. It is incredible that any politician can feel sure that because the electors of Edinburgh, or Doncaster, or Deptford vote in a particular way a Dissolution would secure the triumph of his party.

WIMBLEDON CAMP.—The Duke of Cambridge is obdurate; and it seems likely, unless some arrangement can be made, that Wimbledon Camp will become a memory of the past, and that the National Rifle Association will have to emigrate to some such comparatively distant campaigning-ground as Pirbright Common or Hassock's Gate. Skilled shots, intent on prize-winning, would no doubt still repair to a camp at either of these two places, or even cheerfully go farther. But the average Volunteer, who looks forward to the Wimbledon fortnight as a time of pleasant recreation quite as much as of military discipline, will in many cases be disinclined to go so far afield. The question thus becomes both pressing and serious. The Volunteer Movement has lasted nearly thirty years, and may therefore be regarded as a permanent institution; still, it will lose much of its popularity if the trying-place, where our gallant home-defenders and their civilian friends have for so many years enjoyed pleasant social intercourse, is suddenly transferred to a comparatively inaccessible spot. But is it possible to remain at Wimbledon? The Duke of Cambridge owns property there, and he has for some time complained of the risk his tenants run from the danger of stray bullets. The Rifle Association accordingly offered to buy 120 acres of his property behind the butts. But the Duke now says that that will not suffice, because the remainder of his domain at the sides of the butts will still be endangered, so that he cannot consent to sell this portion of his ground. Now if the Duke were a character in a romantic play, he would exclaim, "I am the head of the British Army, I ought to do all I can to encourage the Volunteers, I owe all I possess to the generosity of the nation—therefore take my Wimbledon estate, O Rifle Association, and do what you please with it!" Modern Royalty, however, thinks it less blessed to give than to receive, and therefore the Rifle Association must either buy the Duke out altogether (which will cost 30,000*l.*), or "bunk" elsewhere. Surely the State might advance this money, seeing how many people derive enjoyment from the Wimbledon Meeting. And the property need not lie fallow. Either a clause might be inserted in the leases compelling the tenants of the houses to quit them during the Camp-meeting; or a tall iron screen might be erected during the shooting, which would shut out all chance of visitation from leaden messengers of death or mutilation.

THE DISTRICT RAILWAY.—Those whose memories extend to the time when the first portion of the Underground Railway was opened, will remember the very general feeling that enormous profits would result from the undertaking. The "sewer," as it was called by the old school, would be sure to monopolise all traffic except that of the cabs, and even they would find their sphere very largely reduced. Less than a quarter of a century has passed since these anticipations were uttered, and, instead of declaring a 10 or 15 per cent. dividend, the District Railway can barely pay the interest on its guaranteed debt. How has the collapse come to pass? Mainly, we suspect, through the concern being overweighted with dead capital. At the general meeting last Monday an influential shareholder estimated that the line cost 800,000*l.* a mile, a sum requiring an enormous traffic for the payment of interest at a reasonable rate. But be the "original sin" of the unfortunate enterprise what it may, the present directors are in no wise responsible either for that or for the recent shrinkage of traffic. How could they guard against such adverse causes as the increase of omnibus competition, the cessation of South Kensington Exhibitions, or the loss on the City Extension? It speaks well for the shareholders' good sense that they have refused to become parties to a persecution of the directors. But it will not, all the same, redound to their credit if they do not make a resolute effort to restore the line to its former footing. The first thing is to discover why the public prefer the omnibuses to the swifter and more comfortable means of conveyance provided below ground. Is it because of the fetid atmosphere in the tunnel? Try, in that case, electricity or compressed air as a motive power. Is it that the fares are too high? Lower them, until they cut the omnibus tariff. Is it that the trains have too long intervals between them? Then run more on the Inner Circle and fewer on the outside lines. It is impossible to believe that there cannot be some way of winning back popularity to an undertaking which, in spite of its defects, is a great public convenience. And, until salvation is found, Mr. Forbes and his colleagues should never rest from trying experiments on the public taste.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.—In an interesting lecture on the "Religions of India," delivered the other day before the Society of Arts, Sir W. Hunter offered some striking suggestions regarding the progress of Christianity in our great Dependency. Christianity makes but little way, as he showed, among the educated adherents of Hinduism and Mohamedanism. The customs and beliefs of these classes are, indeed, indirectly modified by Christian influences; but an essential change is not felt to be necessary for the satisfaction either of spiritual or of social wants. Beyond the pale of the two great non-Christian religious systems, however, there is a vast population which has no deep faith of any kind; and it is among this population, according to Sir W. Hunter, that Christianity has a chance of making numerous converts. Neither Hinduism nor Mohamedanism can meet the needs of the humblest members of the community; whereas this is the very class to which the Christian Church is bound by its fundamental laws to devote the closest and most patient attention. Already much has been done for the backward races of India; and Sir W. Hunter is convinced that, if the necessary conditions are complied with, all of them may, in course of time, be induced to accept Christian ideas. Among these conditions he gives a high place to the enforcement of the rule of total abstinence; but perhaps it is of even more importance that missionaries should associate themselves more directly than the majority of Protestant missionaries have hitherto done with the actual life of the people. An admirable example is being set in this respect by the devoted men and women who have gone to India in the service of the Salvation Army. If all missionaries were as zealous and self-sacrificing as these ardent enthusiasts, we should soon hear the last of the controversy as to the relative fitness of Christianity and Islam for the kind of enterprise which Sir W. Hunter describes as "the highest modern expression of the world-wide national life of our race."

PROCEDURE IN THE COMMONS.—During the last few years the public have gradually been losing all confidence in the House of Commons as a place of business. It is to be hoped that the new Procedure Rules will work a genuine reform. The most important of these rules have now been adopted, and with a celerity that seems almost suspicious. The fact, of course, is that some of them are two-edged weapons. If they serve the Tories now, they will serve the Radicals hereafter when their turn of supremacy arrives. This remark especially applies to the amended Closure regulation. No member, however, be his partisanship ever so keen, need regret that the House has resolved to keep better hours, or that individual members should be checked for irrelevance or indulgence in vain repetitions. It is doubtful whether a statutory limitation of the length of speeches would answer. Supposing twenty minutes (a great deal too much in our opinion) were the allotted period. The effect would be that bores and prozers, who are now sometimes satisfied with comparative brevity, would insist on inflicting the entire legal quantum on their victims. In this matter of speech-making, the front benches ought to set an example of conciseness. The days of ornate eloquence—

such as prevailed in the era of Burke and Sheridan—have passed away; every possible subject is fully and exhaustively discussed in newspaper leaders; there is therefore rarely any necessity why even a Cabinet Minister, except when bringing in an important Bill, or indicating the programme of the Budget, should speak otherwise than tersely and briefly. During the recent debate on the Address, for example, if Mr. Balfour had religiously abstained from all attempts at smartness, his Irish opponents would have felt less sense of provocation, and would have retorted far less copiously. It is wonderful how much may be got into a five minutes' speech if a man knows, as he ought to know, exactly what he wants to say, and chooses his words carefully. Let Cabinet Ministers—barring exceptional occasions—speak in the presence of a five-minute sand-glass, and stop when the last grains have run through. Humbler mortals will then, out of very shame, follow their example.

THE GLADSTONE LETTER BAG.—What would the world do in these dull times did Mr. Gladstone forswear pen and ink, and addict himself exclusively to Homeric studies? Say what one may, his fugitive epistles have the merit, at all events, of giving idle people something to talk about. Unlike his speeches, they always contain a solid kernel; it may be bitter or sweet, hard or soft, but there it is, a fact which has to be dealt with. One may possibly regret, as in the case of his correspondence with Mr. Arnold White, that Mr. Gladstone still writes as he did in 1839, when Macaulay wrote of him:—"He has a vast command of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of the kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus of the *Clouds* affected the simple-hearted Athenians." This magnificent mistiness has, however, a relish of its own, like that which comes to the man who, lost in a London fog, sits down on a doorstep and wonders whether the world with which he lately was in touch has any reality. That Mr. Gladstone does not answer Mr. White's questions is, of course, palpable. But what does that matter? A frank, straightforward reply would have deprived the world of the amusement of guessing what lay at the back of the "open mind" when it concocted the epistle. Not less entertaining in its way is Mr. Gladstone's letter to "Dear Lady Anne Blunt." Here we are told that certain villainous folks called Tories are asking the free people of Great Britain "to degrade and oppress another people struggling to be free." What an unfortunate phrase! Even the "man in the street" will have his memory recalled by it to the time when Mr. Gladstone was degrading and oppressing a certain people in Eastern Africa whom he himself extolled as "a people fighting to be free." There, however, lies the very essence of Gladstone humour; it sets one wondering whether things are or are not. And from that point of view we cannot too strongly commend the statement that Mr. Blunt's object in visiting Ireland was "to maintain the law."

WOMEN AS PASSENGERS.—Much amusement was caused the other day by the answers of the various railway companies to the circular letter of the Board of Trade about compartments set apart for women travelling alone. It was held to be proved that women do not care to be shut up with persons of their own sex, but prefer to travel in carriages where they may find the attractions of masculine society. After all, however, is it quite certain that this conclusion—so flattering to the vanity of male passengers—is based on solid grounds? This question could be answered in the affirmative only if compartments for the exclusive use of women were always provided. As a matter of fact, it very often happens that there is no "ladies' carriage." "A woman who has to travel alone," wrote to the *Times* the other day that before starting on journeys she had frequently asked whether there was a special compartment, and had generally been told that there was not. On one or two lines, indeed, she has found carriages reserved for first-class female passengers, and on one of the railways running to the docks a third-class compartment for women and children; but these are merely exceptions proving the rule. Last autumn she was informed at Euston that she might have had a ladies' carriage if she had written the day before to ask for it; but, as she truly says, "in these busy days, when often a journey is made at a few hours' notice, such an arrangement is next to useless." It is not of much more service to arrange that a carriage shall be appropriated immediately on application, for few women would trouble themselves to ask a porter (who would have to be "tipped," of course) to take the necessary steps. To find out whether special compartments are really wanted, railway companies must provide them for every class of female passengers in every train. If this is done, there can be little doubt that a large number of women will be only too glad to benefit by the preparations made for their comfort.

THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.—Concerning this enterprise, which, as our illustrations this week show, has just been completed across the Portuguese territory to the Transvaal frontier, Lord Onslow may appear to have answered Lord Rosebery's question with a certain degree of brusqueness. Under the circumstances of the case, however, plain-speaking was evidently the most politic course. Portugal, said Lord Onslow, had no desire to part with Delagoa Bay,

and therefore, whatever our Government might wish, they had no intention of offering to buy it. As for the railway, it was entirely situated on foreign territory, and therefore the British tax-payer should not be asked to acquire it. If the Cape Colony or Natal chose to do so, that was their own affair. Seeing the numerous complications, involving serious loss of life and money, into which the Home Government has been drawn in South Africa, we believe this stand-aside policy is at the present juncture the wisest to pursue. Lourenço Marques is a malarious port with little trade of its own, and if the Transvaalers are unable to obtain the money for continuing the line into the heart of their own territory, the whole enterprise may prove a *fiasco*. In that case we are all the better for being out of it. But supposing the Transvaal Gold-fields continue to "boom," and a short-cut to the sea becomes imperative, the railway will forthwith spring into importance, and British capital and enterprise, without any aid from the Imperial Government, will at once come forward to assist in its development. If, in former years, we had only learnt the art of letting matters judiciously alone, how much better we should have fared in those regions! If, for example, we had studiously abstained from meddling with the Zulus, the Transvaal Boers might have voluntarily sought the shelter of the British flag, and we should have been spared the ignominy of the surrender which followed Majuba Hill.

GREEN-FINNED OYSTERS.—With native oysters at three-pence apiece, it is, indeed, high time for those who love the delicate bivalve, as Dando loved it, to look about for a substitute. Anglo-Dutch, American, Portuguese, and the other introductions of recent years are all very well in their way, but they do not come near the real thing. There is, however, if we may believe experts, an oyster raised within a comparatively short distance of London which has all the merits of the native at a fourth of the price. It is fat, compact, well flavoured, juicy, and of excellent *goût*; not too large, not too small; quite an ideal oyster, in short. This is the description given of the green-finned variety, which inhabits the River Roach, near Southend, and which, owing to British prejudice, goes begging in the London market at 12s. a hundred. Years ago, old women of both sexes attributed the greenish hue of the beard to copper; were there not green and poisonous oysters at Falmouth in consequence of the copper beneath the sea? In vain did Frank Buckland explain that the Roach bivalves owed their colouring matter to a certain weed on which they fed. In vain did he eat scores to prove the courage of his conviction. In vain did the learned Professor Letheby pronounce to the same effect after a careful analysis of the calumniated shellfish. British pigheadedness prevailed, and from that day to this the only market for Roach oysters has been at Paris, where they are sold, and highly appreciated, as "*huitres vertes d'Ostende*." With grief we see that Professor Ray Lankester seeks to prolong the ostracism of this dainty from British tables, maintaining that it feeds on poisonous weeds, and must therefore itself be poisonous. Go to, Professor; practice is dead against your theory. Only a few days ago, a party of four screwed up their courage, and attacked a barrel of the green-finned ones. When that party went away every shell was empty, not even a beard being left, and next day the heroic quartette on meeting whispered that they hoped another barrel would soon come to hand.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A SHOW of the SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY at the ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON."

TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.

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OF H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ON MARCH 10
THE ORDINARY WEEKLY ISSUE OF
"THE GRAPHIC"
WILL BE INCREASED TO A
DOUBLE NUMBER,
PRICE ONE SHILLING
INSTEAD OF SIXPENCE.

As the celebration of this event will be but quietly observed, owing to the peculiarly painful cloud which now overshadows the Royal Family, the Proprietors feel it would be more suitable to publish H.R. Highness's Life in this form, than by the more obtrusive one of a Special and Extra Issue.

The Number will contain, in addition to its usual current news, a
LIFE OF THE PRINCE.
Full of Illustrations of the incidents of his eventful career down to the present time.
This LIFE will be specially written by the Rev. CANON J. N. DALTON, C.M.G., who was Governor to Their Royal Highnesses Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales.
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In consequence of the continuous and increasing demand for this popular picture, from a painting by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., executed expressly for, and issued with, "THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER of 1880, it has now, for the second time, been
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And Persons desirous of possessing a Copy can secure one from any Bookseller for 1s., or have it sent by Parcels Post to any part of the United Kingdom on sending 1s. 3d. to this Office.


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By Special Request, MORNING PERFORMANCE, WEDNESDAY, March 14, PYGMALION and GALATEA (the only time this Season).
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The *Daily Telegraph*—"It may safely be predicted that few of the many thousands of visitors that will pass these admirably displayed achievements of sunlight, lens and camera, will be prepared for the marked development of recent times."
The *Morning Post*—"There are included in the Exhibition—which, it should be added, is got up solely in the interests of photographic art and not for any trade purpose—more than 3,000 specimens of amateur and professional work."
The *Globe*—"It is indeed but fair to state that vast as has been the recent development of the photographic art, the magnificent display on view at this Exhibition comes as a surprise to most beholders."

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.—By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES.—1. JEPHTHA'S RETURN. 2. ON THE MOUNTAINS. 3. THE MARTYR. are NOW on VIEW with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI, ZEUXIS, and CROTONA, &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

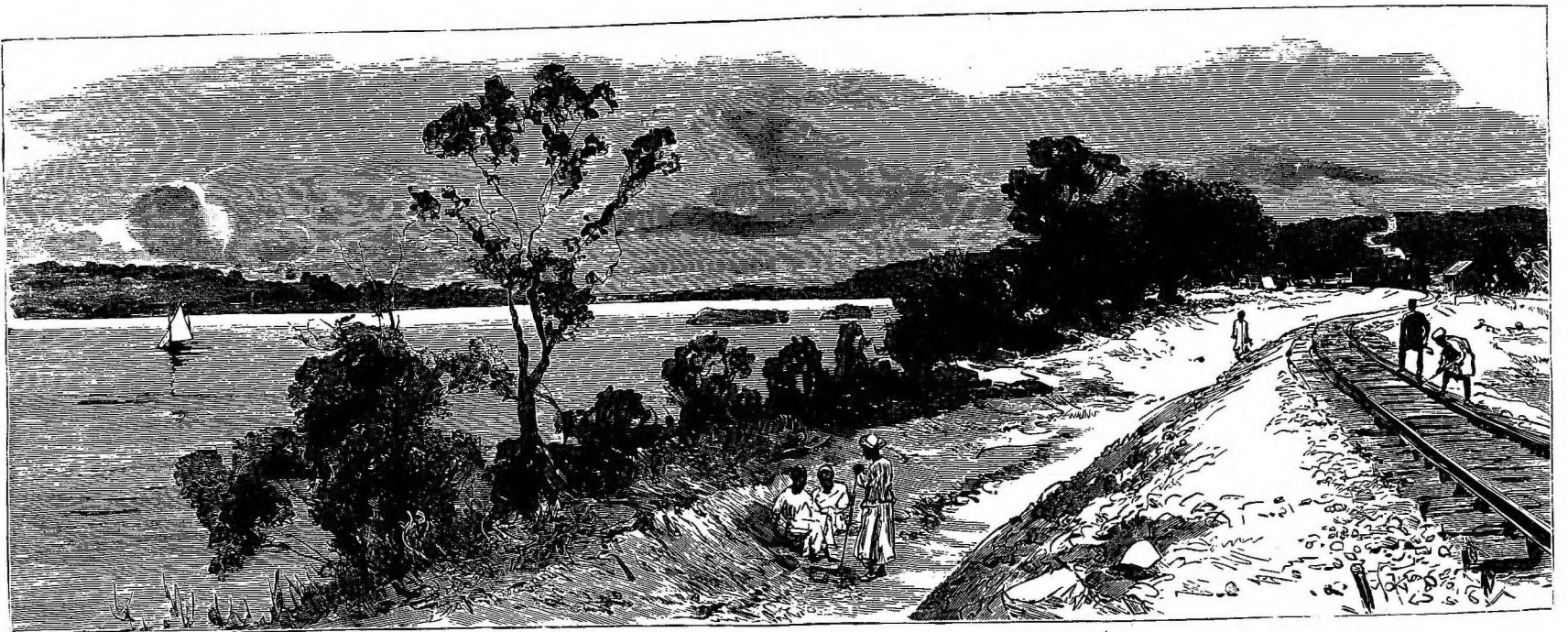
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.
THE RUN OF THE SEASON T. BLINKS.
WARWICK CASTLE D. LAW.
CYNTHIA F. DICKER.
MEMORIES SIR F. LEIGHTON.
THE ELIXIR OF LOVE G. J. PINWELL.
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The largest assortment of Engravings in London in stock.
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TENTATION OF ST. ANTOINE, par José Frappa. Now on VIEW at JOSE FRAPPA GALLERY, 48, Pall Mall, W., from 10 a.m. until 9 p.m.—Admission 1s.

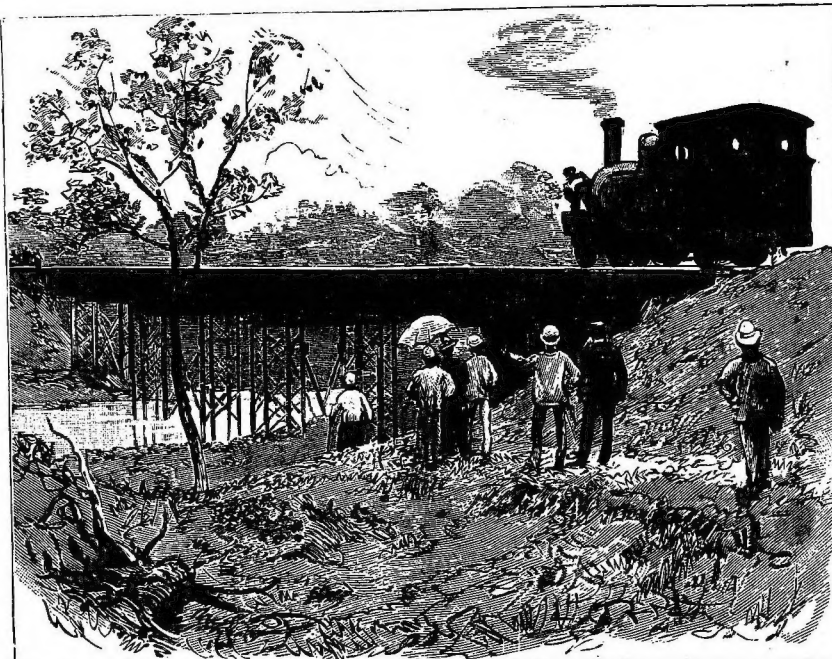


1. Pindaree or Afghan follower of a Hyderabad Chief
 2. Jemadar, Golconda Lancers (Nizam's Regulars)
 3. Pindaree Irregular in the Service of a Petty Chief, Nizam's Dominions
 4. Top of the Rock-Fort, Doulatabad
 5. General View of the Rock-Fort, Doulatabad

NOTES FROM THE DOMINIONS OF THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, CENTRAL INDIA



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS DELAGOA BAY, WITH PIONEER TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE



CHIÇONGENI BRIDGE, THIRTY-SEVEN MILES FROM LOURENÇO MARQUES



THE TERMINUS AT KOMATI, WITH THE PIONEER TRAIN

OPENING OF THE NEW RAILWAY FROM DELAGOA BAY TO THE TRANSVAAL



A PANTOMIME ON BOARD H.M. TROOPSHIP "CROCODILE" IN THE INDIAN OCEAN
"WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, OR HARLEQUIN FITZWARREN AND THE BELLE OF BOW"



TOBOGGANING ON THE SLOPES OF THE CASTLE HILL, DOVER

CRUISE to the AZORES, CANARY-ISLANDS, MADEIRA,
On her Return from the Mediterranean, the Steam Yacht "VICTORIA,"
1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander (late of steam
yacht "Ceylon"), will, on April 28 be despatched from Tilbury Dock for a 30 days
cruise as above. The "VICTORIA" is fitted with the Electric Light, and all
modern improvements.
SUMMER AND AUTUMN CRUISES, 1888.
and JUNE for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
21st JUNE for 25 days' cruise to the LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
21st JULY for 26 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
15th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the BALTIC.
30th AUGUST for 30 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
About 1st NOVEMBER Next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE
WORLD.—For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam Yacht "VICTORIA,"
Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.



CHARACTER-SKETCHES AT VENTNOR

THESE engravings (from drawings by Miss Emily, Lees) need little or no explanation. The advantages of companionship over solitude are illustrated by the two methods of defying the east wind, which is sometimes very unpleasantly felt even at genial Ventnor. The gentleman whom the two young ladies in search of excitement have "marked out for slaughter" is a type of the middle-aged sea-side masquerader. The tomboyish young lady is, no doubt, more popular with the outside public, who only see her occasionally, than with her own domestic circle. "Ebb-Tide" and "Spring-Tide" are variations on a very familiar theme.

NOTES IN THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS

THE Dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad form the largest and most important of all the Native States in our Indian Empire. They comprise the very heart of the Deccan between the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, and have an area of nearly one hundred thousand square miles. In the north-west corner is the hill-fortress of Doulatabad, which consists of a vast conical-shaped rock, scarped all round, and rising to a perpendicular height of one hundred and twenty feet from the base. The upper part is reached through a long, narrow dark passage hewn in the solid rock, and leading to a large vault excavated in the interior of the hill. From this chamber a ramp, or gallery, gradually sloping upwards, winds round in the interior. This ramp, which has a height and breadth of about twelve feet, terminates in a recess on the top of the hill about twenty feet square. At the base of the hill there is a ditch, which can only be traversed by one causeway, constructed of stone, and so narrow as barely to permit of two men passing abreast, and defended on the side nearest the rock by a battlemented building. At a short distance outside the ditch is a minaret apparently one hundred feet high, and said to have been erected in commemoration of the first capture of this place by the Mahomedans. Our other sketches represent some of the strange troops with which Hyderabad abounds. Many of them are mercenaries, recruited from every manner of country from Zanzibar to Arabia and Afghanistan. A recent French traveller declared that every beggar and every schoolboy in Hyderabad goes armed to the teeth, and that every itinerant vendor of vegetables carries a sabre under his arm. This is, of course, an exaggeration, but the ordinary visitor cannot help being struck by the way in which weapons—gun or matchlock, pistol, sword, or dagger—are almost universally borne, as well as with the civility and good behaviour which the bearers of these formidable arsenals exhibit to each other.—Our engravings are from drawings by Lieut. A. C. Lovett, Second Gloucestershire Regiment.

OPENING OF THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY

MONDAY last, February 27th, is a disastrous anniversary in the British calendar, for it was on that day seven years ago that the defeat of Majuba Hill took place. The anniversary was celebrated in the Transvaal with great rejoicings last Monday, and no wonder—for the incident of that day transformed the Boers of the Transvaal Province into a practically independent nation. It is advisable here to recall these unwelcome facts, because they have a special significance in connection with the opening of the Portuguese section of the Delagoa Bay Railway, which took place with great ceremony on December 14th. A glance at the map of South Africa will show that the Transvaal Province is a long way from the sea except on the eastern side, where it is separated from the Indian Ocean by a comparatively narrow strip of territory belonging to Portugal. On the coast of this territory lies Delagoa Bay, the finest natural harbour in South Africa, steam-vessels of any burthen being able to anchor close up to the town of Lourenço Marques, which is thus the nearest and most natural outlet from the Transvaal Gold Fields to the sea. The line is at present only made up to the Transvaal frontier, but no doubt it will soon be carried to Pretoria, when it will prove a formidable commercial rival to the purely British lines which strike inland from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban respectively. The opening of the railway took place with considerable ceremony, officials connected with the Portuguese and Transvaal Governments being present, as well as a goodly collection of journalists representing the most influential newspapers of South Africa. To one of these gentlemen, Mr. W. H. Mackay, of the *Natal Mercury*, we are indebted for the photographs (by Mr. H. Kisch and Mr. J. Lloyd, of Durban), from which our engravings are taken. Some fifteen hundred persons assembled to see the first train start. It left Lourenço Marques a little after eight, and reached the Komati River, the present terminus, about noon. The journey, about fifty-two miles, is timed to be traversed in three hours, but on this occasion the train was purposely stopped at various points, to give an innings to the photographers. Komati, where a substantial lunch was served, is a very pretty place, as the broad river, studded with reed-covered islands, lies below the station, and grateful shade is afforded by numerous trees. It is intended to run Saturday and Sunday excursion trains to this point for the benefit of the citizens of Lourenço Marques. We may add that crocodiles and alligators abound in this river, but the big game has disappeared since the advent of the locomotive, though one European was killed by a lion near this spot while the line was being made. There are three bridges built of steel on the line. These respectively span the Bandamiri, Chicongeni, and Moveni Rivers. On the return of the company to Lourenço Marques, a banquet was held at the new Custom House, at which two hundred and fifty persons sat down, Portuguese, Boer, and English, all mingling together in the most friendly fashion. A number of very enthusiastic speeches were made, especially that by Mr. Philip Knee, the general manager of the railway, who foretold a wonderful future for the Portuguese seaport.

A PANTOMIME ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP

"WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT; OR, HARLEQUIN FITZWARREN AND THE BELLE OF BOW"
This complete Christmas pantomime was performed on the voyage of H.M.S. *Crocodile* to Bombay with the 21st Hussars and drafts of the Royal Artillery and other cavalry and infantry regiments on board. Captain Holliday, R.A., was the prime mover and author,

and every one worked with a will to make the piece a success. Two officers undertook the scene-painting down in the guard room, with scuttles closed, ship rolling, and thermometer at 70 deg., in the Red Sea, melting with the heat and splashing huge daubs of paint on the canvas and themselves. Then the dresses had to be got ready; the chief "get up" being the harlequinade baby, made out of a bladder, a pillow, and a baby's dress. The pantomime, an unprecedented performance, we believe, on board one of H.M. ships, came off with immense success and applause on the nights of the 17th and 19th of December in the Indian Ocean. The sketch, by Mr. Fred W. Airey, R.N., depicts the shipwrecked Dick Whittington and his Cat, with their party, on the Island of King Solomon's Mines, and their rescue from the hands of King Twosh by the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Crocodile*, which has just arrived off the island in the nick of time.

The following is the pith of the programme:—

- ALDERMAN FITZWARREN {A City Magnate of the most attractive kind } Capt. H. FORTESCUE, 17th Lancers.
ALICE {His only child. The dearest article in Cheapside. The Belle of Bow, who is waiting for a ring } Mrs. FORTESCUE.
DAME MATILDA (Fitzwarren's sister and assistor) Lieut. HARWARD, 21st Hussars.
DICK WHITTINGTON {A penniless medieval masquerader. The suitor for Alice's hand she thinks will suit her well } R.A.
HIS CAT (An a-mew-sing little cuss, who carries Dick's kit) Lieut. CORBYN, R.A.
WILL ATKINS {A bold buccaneer of the deepest dye (Judson's). A pirate Captain, whose coarse air is apparent } Lieut. HIGGS, 21st Hussars.
JONATHAN WILD {An idle apprentice who doesn't like work; but who has a good deal to do with some foul play. A flame of Alice's who gets put out } Major WYNDHAM, 21st Hussars.
KING TWOSH {The cannibal monarch of King Solomon's Mines. The Commander of a Black Draft, who keeps it dark as much as he is (table) } Mr. F. AIREY, R.N.
COCOATINA {His Queen. "Grateful and Comforting. Absolutely Pure" (see Advertisements). A Cannibal who can nibble anybody } Lieut. DOYNE, 21st Hussars.
THE FIRST LIEUTENANT {A most important character. people say so—performed by } HIMSELF.
Unemployed, Socialists, Special Constables, Pirates, Savages, &c.
ACT I.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—1587.
ACT II.—ABOARD THE "SAIREY ANN" (FITZWARREN'S SHIP).
ACT III.—KING SOLOMON'S MINES IN THE CANNIBAL ISLES.
ACT IV.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE ONCE MORE.

WICE WANQUISHED AND WIRTUE VICTORIOUS!!!!

TOBOGGANING AT DOVER

THE severe weather and heavy falls of snow which have characterised the winters of 1886-7 and of 1887-8 have enabled Englishmen to indulge in a sport which, on the other side of the Atlantic, is one of the chief cold-weather amusements of our Canadian cousins. In many towns or villages which possess a sharply-rising ground there may be seen crowds of people seated, or lying full length, on their "toboggans," as their improvised sleighs are called, and flying down the declivity at breakneck speed. Primrose Hill, when covered with snow, is a favourite resort for denizens of Regent's Park, and our illustration, which is from a sketch by Mr. Charles Mesham of Dover, shows a tobogganing scene on the Castle Hill, Dover. He writes:—"Some weeks ago we had a fall of over two feet of snow, and now the ground is covered several inches deep. This has induced old and young to take part in this exhilarating sport, and generals of mature age may be seen conveying young ladies, and very often upsetting them, while careering down the hill at the rate of fifteen miles an hour."

H.M.S. "EDINBURGH" AT TORPEDO PRACTICE

OUR double-page engraving is from photographs by an officer on board H.M.S. *Edinburgh* while in the Mediterranean. Her crew are preparing to give an attacking torpedo-boat a very warm reception with machine-guns and Martini-Henry rifles, and it would be marvellous in real warfare if the tiny craft ran the gauntlet unscathed of all these deadly weapons, which would shower countless bullets on her the moment she came within range. H.M.S. *Edinburgh* is a fine type of the modern war ship, and is fitted with all the latest novelties and death-dealing appliances which nineteenth-century ingenuity has succeeded in producing. She is the most powerful vessel now afloat of the British Navy, and was commissioned for the Mediterranean Fleet in November, 1887, by Captain H. B. St. L. Palliser. The *Edinburgh* was laid down at Pembroke, in 1879, as the *Majestic*, and was launched on March 18th, 1882, being then renamed the *Edinburgh* by the Duchess of Edinburgh. Her length is 345 feet, her beam 68 feet, and her tonnage amounts to 9,305. Her armour consists of four 12-inch 45-ton breech-loading guns, five 6-inch 5-ton guns, and eighteen machine and quick-firing small guns. She is sheathed with eighteen inches steel-faced compound armour.

STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND, III.

1. "A LANE IN CORK."—This is one of the slums of the city. In the background is the Tower of Shandon, containing the famous "Bells of Shandon." Our artist had here no lack of models, as after getting a boy to stand to him, and giving him a few coppers, he had about fifty children of all ages around him clamouring to have their "portraits took" at the same price. They even followed him back to the hotel, and waylaid him every time he showed himself outside the door.
2. "COUNTRY POLICE BARRACKS."—The garrison, which consists of four men, lead rather a monotonous life. Their duties consist in patrolling the country by day and night, attending evictions and meetings, and watching houses where they expect an attack to be made by the Moonlighters. The sketch was taken from the road, and the rough wall forms the boundary of the yard round the barracks. The windows of the barracks are fitted with iron shutters, loopholed.
3. "A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."—Since the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill Ireland has suffered from a plague of special correspondents. They represent papers of all shades of political opinion, both in Ireland and England. The gentleman shown in our sketch was an old hand at his trade, and knew well how to combine comfort and business. He represented an influential newspaper in the Midland counties.
4. "CHARACTER SKETCHES IN CO. GALWAY."—This sketch gives a fair impression of the poverty and wretchedness of the lower class of Irish peasants. Such men as these—haggard, unkempt, clothed in rags—are frequently to be met with in the mountains of Galway. Yet, despite the misery of their circumstances, they are usually cheerful, witty, and honest, and the ordinary tourist will find that in knowledge of the politics of the day they are at least his equals.

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW

THE Shire Horse Society, which now numbers over twelve hundred members, was established for the purpose of improving and promoting the old English breed of Cart Horses, and for distributing sound and healthy sires throughout the country. The Society has just issued the new volume (the ninth) of the Stud Book. This contains the entries of 1,180 stallions and 1,376 mares, a total of 2,556, a much larger number than the previous volume contained, and therefore showing that owners are increasingly appreciative of this system of registration. The newly

issued Stud Book also shows that large numbers of animals have been sold to foreign buyers, more pedigree certificates having been granted by the Society for animals exported from the country than in any preceding year. The ninth annual London Show of the Society began last Tuesday at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were 410 cart horses exhibited, and among them there was a far higher percentage of good and sound horses than could have been found among the 110 shown in 1880. This gratifying fact is due to the care with which the preliminary veterinary examinations are conducted, and may be profitably contrasted with the condition of the thoroughbred stallions exhibited a few weeks ago at Nottingham. The principal prize-winners included the Duke of Marlborough, Lords Belper, Middleton, Ellesmere, Dysart, Egerton of Sutton, Wantage, and Wimmarleigh, Sir W. H. Salt, and Messrs. Walter Gilbey and P. Albert Muntz. The parades of the horses were, as usual, very popular. The total value of the prizes was over 713*l.*, and Mr. Walter Gilbey gave a Challenge Cup of one hundred guineas for the best animal in the Show.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 221.

"EXCELSIOR"

THE title of this picture must have seemed amusingly misleading to those who first saw it in the printed catalogue. No doubt they had visions of the youth who bound on his mysterious upward journey passed through the Alpine village bearing a banner inscribed with the strange device "Excelsior!" But, alas! when their eyes found the picture itself on the walls of Burlington House, they discovered that they had been "had" by the ingenious painter, who, instead of conveying them to a region of exalted sentiment, had set them down in an atmosphere of prose and parody. All the same, the humour of the picture is heightened by its title. Here we have a quartet of four-footed Excelsiorians. One has succeeded, and has reached the summit, two are painfully "on the climb," a fourth has come to grief, but no doubt, with the sanguine hopefulness which characterises puppyhood, will try again and again till he succeeds.—Our engraving is published by permission of the owner of the copyright, Mr. J. P. Mendoza.

"KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

HERE, also, we are transferred into the region of parody or travestie. The title suggests a serious historical picture, and, as the essence of wit is said to be surprise, there must be wit in a picture which gives us, in place of the wisest monarch in the world, a solemn-faced poll parrot; and in place of the Queen who came all the way from the distant tropics (possibly from the Mozambique region), a gaping little lassie, with a dilapidated ostrich feather in her hat, who looks, however, at her hook-nosed acquaintance with such awe and earnestness, that anything which he may say will no doubt be treasured up as a specimen of marvellous cleverness. By treating his subject thus, the painter has cleverly preserved the spirit of travestie suggested by his title.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—The signal victory of the Unionists last week in the Doncaster Division of the West Riding, when a seat was wrested from the Separatists, has been followed this week by one only less important at Deptford, where Mr. Darling (C) has been elected by a majority of 275 over Mr. Wilfrid Blunt (G). The contest, which turned mainly on the question of Home Rule, was a very strenuous one, and, on the day of polling some of Mr. Blunt's rowdy admirers went the length of assaulting Mr. Darling and his friends, after having on the previous day stoned and dangerously wounded his supporter, Colonel Graham, a Crimean veteran. The issue of these two elections is a curious comment on Sir William Harcourt's recent boast that the Unionists are always beaten when the Separatists "can get at them." Mr. John Morley spoke at considerable length, and with his usual ability, at the Oxford Union on Wednesday, in support of the resolution favouring Home Rule, which Lord Randolph Churchill recently opposed before that society. In spite of Mr. Morley's eloquence, the resolution was rejected by a majority of 200, 159 members voting for it, and 359 against it.—Mr. E. B. Hoare, (C) has been returned for Hampstead without opposition. This was threatened up to the last by some ardent Gladstonians, but the local leaders of the party knew that a contest would be hopeless, and nothing came of the project.—An instructive correspondence has been published in which, referring to Mr. Gladstone's recent defence, in the House of Commons, of the Plan of Campaign, Mr. Arnold White, the well-known social reformer and active philanthropist, who was Gladstonian candidate for Mile End last year, denounced the Plan as dishonest, and pointed out that henceforth any person looking to Mr. Gladstone for a conscience would be "justified in combining with others who can pay, to obtain concessions for those who cannot pay, not only for their land but for their houses, their groceries, or their meat." Mr. Gladstone, in a reply meekly evasive, represents himself to have simply treated the Plan of Campaign "as an evil which may have averted greater," and he makes matters worse rather than better by adding, "I quoted the Swing fires in a like view, but I did not condone the Swing fires."

IRELAND.—Mr. Flynn, M.P. for North Cork, has been convicted at Kanturk, under the Crimes Act, of inciting tenants to illegal combination, but having, prudently, shown great moderation in his speech defending himself, and the Crown prosecutor having borne testimony to his possession of a character for moderation, he was sentenced to only three weeks' imprisonment, without hard labour.—For taking part in a National League meeting in a proclaimed district, Father Kennedy and eight men of the farming class have been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, each with hard labour in every case except that of Father Kennedy, who, on account of his clerical calling, is to be exempted from it.—On Wednesday Mr. J. D. Pyne, M.P. for Waterford, was convicted at Clonmel on a second charge of inciting to boycott, and was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, without hard labour. An appeal was lodged.—Mr. James Lloyd, a delegate from an English organisation calling itself an "Anti-Cloeyd Association," has been sentenced at Ennis to a month's imprisonment for a speech in which he recommended resistance to the sheriff and his officers.—The Clare grand jury have awarded 1,500*l.* compensation, which will be levied off the whole county, to Mrs. Whelehan, as compensation for the loss of her husband, the gallant head constable Whelehan, who was murdered in the moonlight raid at Ballygastile, last September.

THE INTIMATION given at the winter general meeting of the National Rifle Association this week that the Duke of Cambridge declined to part with a portion of his ground at Coombe Wood for the Association's purposes, was received with something like dismay, especially as it was coupled with another, also made through his solicitors, by the Duke of Cambridge, that there is an immediate

prospect of the general introduction of a small-bore military rifle for practice, the use of which would make Wimbledon, under any circumstances, absolutely unsafe. The Council of the Association are to deliberate on the course to be pursued with the generally regretted cessation of the Wimbledon gatherings.

THE CHARITY COMMISSIONERS promised a favourable consideration, so far as their means will allow, of the claims urged on them this week by a deputation, of which Lord Derby was one of the spokesmen, to pecuniary aid on behalf of the Recreative Evening Schools, the object of which is to promote the further education, intellectual, moral, and technical, of the children who, to the number of 80,000 in London alone, quit the Board and other schools for good, or, as it may sometimes be, for bad.

MISCELLANEOUS.—As a result of the meeting on behalf of the unemployed recently convened by Colonel Duncan, Conservative M.P. for Holborn, the Vestry of that district have carefully considered what paving and sewerage operations can be usefully executed during the ensuing year, and in order to provide work for men without employment have determined that the execution of them shall be begun without delay.—Up to the end of the past year, the trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund had expended nearly 1,220,000*l.*, and provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 11,151 rooms, besides bath-rooms, laundries, and wash-houses, comprising 5,014 separate dwellings, and occupied by 29,279 persons.—Sir Henry Roscoe, in a report not yet published, has intimated to the Metropolitan Board of Works that at least 40,000*l.* will have to be spent during the summer to keep the Thames in a state of satisfactory purity.—The ratepayers of the parish of Christ Church, Southwark, have by a majority of 244 done themselves credit by adopting the Public Libraries Act.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in or about his sixtieth year, of Mr. Edwin Corbett, H.M.'s Minister at Stockholm, who entered the diplomatic service in 1847, and has been British Minister at Athens and in Brazil; of Colonel John Aldridge, who contested Horsaam as a Conservative in 1868 and in 1875, taking his seat on a tie in the former year; suddenly, of General A. White, who, since retiring from the army, devoted himself to assisting and educating the blind; in his seventy-third year, of the very Rev. William Corbet Le Breton, Dean of Jersey, and father of Mrs. Langtry; in his eighty-third year of the Rev. Sir St. Vincent Hammick, second baronet, for more than half-a-century Vicar of Milton Abbot, near Tavistock; in his seventy-seventh year, of the Rev. William H. Hoare, of Oakfield, Crawley, Sussex, author of the well-known "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History before the Reformation," and of other works, among them being replies to Bishop Colenso's criticisms on the Pentateuch; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. James Clarke, founder, proprietor, and editor of the *Christian World*; in his forty-third year, and on the twenty-second anniversary of the commencement of his theatrical career, of Mr. John Clayton, the popular actor; in her forty-second year, of Mrs. Anna Kingsford, M.D., the well-known lady doctor, anti-vivisectionist, and advocate of vegetarianism, who was married when she was twenty-one to the Rev. Mr. Kingsford, Vicar of Atcham, Shropshire, became a Roman Catholic in 1870, but in 1883 filled the office of President of the Theosophical Society, and in 1884 founded the Hermetic Society for the Study of Religious Philosophy; and in his fifty-eighth year, of Mr. James Cotter Morison, an able and accomplished man of letters, the contributor to the "English Men of Letters Series" of the monographs on Gibbon and Macaulay, who though a zealous Positivist, wrote a most sympathetic "Biography of St. Bernard," and whose recent work, rendered a fragment through ill-health, "The Service of Man, an Essay towards the Religion of the Future," while intended to be a systematic attack on Christianity, contains interesting tributes to the worth of Christian heroes and heroines from St. Louis to Sister Dora.



SPEAKING last Friday on Mr. Smith's motion to appropriate all the time of the House till the New Procedure Rules were agreed to, Mr. Gladstone expressed some doubt whether this course would secure the end in view. Looking back upon old experience he discovered that the time taken up by discussion of Procedure Rules was so considerable as to counterbalance any advantage that might subsequently accrue from their adoption. This forecast, which seemed probable enough at the time it was made, has been falsified in an astonishingly complete manner. It should be added that, as Mr. Smith gratefully admits, Mr. Gladstone has himself been principally instrumental in defeating his own prophecy. What he had in mind was the Procedure debates in the Autumn Session of 1882, when the Irish members and the Conservatives, then in opposition, occupied fourteen full sittings in obstructing the Closure Rule. On Tuesday a much more drastic form of Closure than that introduced in 1882 was agreed to after a keen but orderly discussion just an hour and a half long. This incident is typical of what has taken place through the week. Progress has been made in leaps and bounds, and the three first weeks of the Session of 1888 will be ever memorable in history, as establishing a revolution in Parliamentary Procedure.

The movement began on Friday night, when Mr. Smith pre-faced the introduction of the New Rules by a motion giving them precedence over all other business on such days as it pleased the Government to set them down for discussion. It was on this motion that Mr. Gladstone made the remark quoted. He further took the opportunity of pointing out the great advantage it would be to both sides of the House if the discussion were approached free from party spirit, and without having recourse to party machinery. These words, and the attitude of the Leader of the Opposition, had an immediate effect. Mr. Bradlaugh had placed on the paper an amendment omitting Wednesdays from the Order moved by the Leader of the House, little thinking that a single Wednesday would suffice to see the important Rules added to the Orders. At the mere mention of debate on Procedure, there rose before the eyes of private members a long vista of weeks through which, as in 1882, the Procedure debate should sit astride all other business, swallowing up the opportunities of private members. Mr. Bradlaugh found wide support for his objection, as many as 150 members voting with him when the division was called. But there was no attempt to extend the debate, which was over within an hour, and the House was actually at work discussing the First Rule.

This was a stiff gate for the House of Commons to take. Whether the majority chanced to be Liberal or Conservative in general politics, the House of Commons has always shown itself Conservative where its Rules of Procedure are concerned. Here was the Leader of the Conservative party proposing at a single stroke to change the habits of generations. What he suggested was that on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays the House shall meet at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of four, as customary, and sit till one o'clock, when adjournment should take place, whatever business was in hand. It was further proposed that between eight and nine o'clock the sitting should be suspended for dinner.

Here followed a discussion of a character which justified the

reputation of the House as a deliberative assembly. Mr. Gladstone's advice was adopted, both in the letter and the spirit. For once party lines were obliterated. Every man seemed to take account simply of his membership of the House, and showed a single desire to perfect its business arrangements. One or two divisions were taken on points of detail. But before midnight the House had agreed upon a scheme which differed but slightly from that propounded by the First Lord of the Treasury, and wherein it was altered it was decidedly improved. The proposal of the interval for the dinner-hour was universally scouted, and quietly dropped. The House agreed to meet at three o'clock on the days mentioned, but insisted upon bringing opposed work to a peremptory close at midnight, leaving the House at liberty to sit till one o'clock in the morning discussing unopposed measures if any there were.

This was a pretty good night's work, and it was the precursor of others to follow. On Monday, in accordance with the New Rule, the House met at three o'clock, and took up the Supplementary Estimates, which it was urgently necessary to pass, if possible, at a single sitting. At such an emergency what would have happened in older times—so remote as last Session for example—would have been that preparations would have been made for an all-night sitting, relays of members would have been arranged, and after all night the money would have been voted in some despairing interval towards daybreak. What happened on Monday was that the House, still being in the unwonted mood born on Friday night, took account of the fact that here were a certain number of votes to be considered within an absolutely fixed number of hours. If the debate were not finished by midnight it would have to be resumed on another day, to the disorganisation of other important arrangements and engagements. The estimates were, as usual, full of controversial matter. Not to mention other signals for warfare, there was a Vote on account of expenses of the resident magistrates in Ireland. A red flag waved before the eyes of an infuriated bull was not more certain to lead to an outbreak than was the submission of such a vote to the Irish members. But it was discussed in fullest detail, divided upon, and settled by ten minutes to twelve. The margin was narrow. But it was sufficient for dealing with the remaining Votes. They would have been passed, and Committee of Supply closed, but for the unexpected intervention of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who seized this opportunity of discussing the value of some pictures which he frankly admitted he had not seen. The consequence was that four minor Votes stood over till Thursday, when they were fully discussed, but not at a length that prevented Sir Charles Russell from bringing on his motion for inquiry into the conduct of the police in relation to public meetings in the metropolis.

In the mean while the House devoted two more sittings to discussion and completion of the comprehensive scheme of Procedure. The first business on Tuesday's sitting was the amended Closure Rule. As things stood, it required a muster of two hundred members in the majority to carry the Closure against a minority of not less than forty. This was all that the Conservative-Irish alliance would permit when the Closure was first introduced. Experience of successive sessions had proved the total inadequacy of the arrangement. Last session the Government found the Closure practically inoperative, it being impossible, more especially towards the close of the session, to keep two hundred members at hand at the particular periods of a sitting when the Closure was chiefly needed. Like wise men, Ministers determined to disregard the awkwardness of the situation in coming forward as advocates for what they had within recent memory bitterly opposed, and Mr. Smith moved that the necessary majority should be reduced to one hundred. After a keen debate, in which Mr. Chaplin, Sir Walter Barttelot, and some other Conservatives who had been foremost in originally fighting against the Closure declined to go over, the Rule was carried, as were some others of a more technical character, designed to destroy the tyranny of a small minority. At Wednesday's sitting, the work was practically completed, and thus early in the session, the House of Commons starts equipped with carefully-devised weapons against obstruction. The transformation has been unparalleled in its completeness and its suddenness. But, already members are beginning to wonder how it has been that the work was not accomplished years ago.

"SUNRISE TO SUNSET"

THIS is the title given to a series of thirty-four very small English pastoral landscapes in water-colour now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street. They are by Mr. J. Aumonier, of the Royal Institute, and have the fine qualities that we have often noticed in his larger pictures. A little study of "Blachington, Sussex," with well-grouped sheep in the foreground, is marked by harmony of composition, refinement of tone, and finished workmanship; but it is not quite so suggestive of pervading atmosphere and space as the larger and more freely-handled drawing of "Oulton Broad," hanging beside it. The artist's power as a colourist is perhaps best seen in a drawing called "Evening Yields the Word to Night." The rich glow of golden light that suffuses the sky, and the varied sombre tints in the foreground, are equally beautiful and true. A carefully-studied drawing—rather larger than the rest—representing a wide extent of undulating country near "Beccles, Suffolk," is remarkable for its comprehensive truth of effect as well as its accuracy of detail. "Evening Mist," "Port Meadow," and "Bramber Castle after a Storm," are among several small drawings in which evanescent effects of nature are faithfully depicted.

FRENCH LADY ARTISTS have just opened their annual display at the Paris Palais de l'Industrie—the Exhibition of the "Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs." Competent critics point out that the female artists excel in flowers and landscapes, but fail in portraiture, especially in masculine likeness. A woman, so they unkindly declare, is tempted to paint her ideal rather than the actual subject of her brush, an ideal varying between an Italian tenor and a barber's assistant, and a dark man is always chosen—fair men are altogether absent. Over the frontier the German Lady Artists are also holding their Exhibition at Berlin—a creditable show of 300 works.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,772 deaths were registered, against 1,689 during the previous seven days, a rise of 83, being 69 below the average, and at the rate of 21.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 18 from measles (an increase of 4), 32 from scarlet fever (a rise of 2), 30 from diphtheria (an increase of 12), 127 from whooping-cough (a rise of 5, and were 36 above the average), 16 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from small-pox, typhus, or ill-defined forms of continued fever. There were 1,308 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the close of last week, besides 69 at the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 478 (a decline of 9), and were 23 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths: 53 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions (including one by a blow from a snowball), 12 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 10 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,473 births registered, against 2,569 the previous week, being 449 below the average.



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, containing the body of the great monarch, has been discovered at Saïda, Syria.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY opened the galleries of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours again last Sunday afternoon—this time to the general public, through cards from members of the Society. Some 1,024 visitors viewed the Exhibition in two hours.

COSTUME ORATORIOS are to be the fashionable Lenten distraction for pious Parisians. Morning performances will be given at the Vaudeville, when Haydn's *Creation*, Gounod's *Tobias*, and similar compositions will be represented with scenery and appropriate costumes.

SNOWDROPS are the favourite flower of the season in Paris. The blossoms appear on the dinner-table, grouped in banks as if growing out of moss, and the artificial flowers are especially worn by young girls, arranged as floral fringes or garlands across a tulie dress, tied with pale green ribbon.

"VISITING CARD ALBUMS" are kept by Society ladies at Washington, U.S.A. They form interesting mementos of political celebrities and belles of each season, the cards being pasted into a scrap-book, with the date, &c. One fashionable dame has half-a-dozen of these albums, containing several thousand names.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS still keeps up her artistic pursuits at San Remo, notwithstanding her nursing duties. She sent numerous contributions to the fancy sale last week in aid of the German Church, including a portrait of the Crown Prince photographed on glass, round which the Princess had painted a garland of San Remo flowers.

NUMBERS OF FROSTBITTEN EELS were picked up in the British Channel on Sunday between Sandgate and Dymchurch—the result of the severe cold on our Southern coasts. Some were huge congers, weighing fully seventy pounds, being seven feet long, and twenty-four inches in circumference. Old fishermen say that no similar occurrence has been known since the Crimean War.

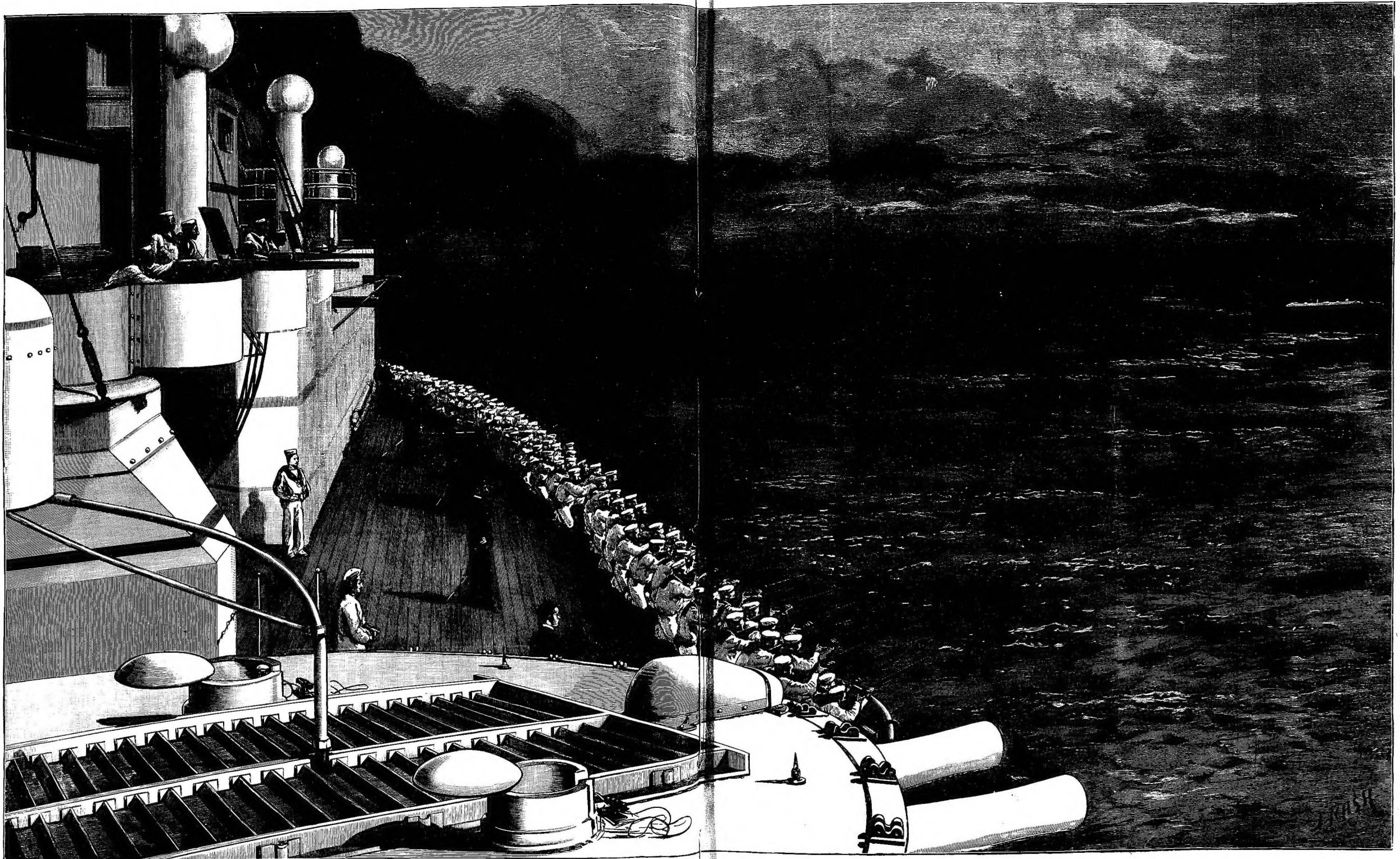
SOME FOSSIL REMAINS OF AN EARLY INHABITANT of our island have just been found in the Kentish cliffs, between Herne Bay and Whitstable. A gentleman walking along near Swalecliffe unearthed from the clay of the Pliocene strata the tusk of a hairy northern elephant (*Elephas primigenius*). The tusk is in capital preservation, except that a portion of the tip is broken off, and measures fifty-seven inches along the curve, with a circumference of seventeen inches at the thickest part, tapering to seven inches.

THE PAPAL PILGRIMAGES TO THE VATICAN DURING THE JUBILEE have been of the most varied character; but none pleased the Pope so much as a humble deputation from Carpineto, in the Apennines, the remote village where Leo XIII. was born, seventy-eight years ago yesterday (Friday). Seven hundred pilgrims came to Rome, nearly the whole population of the village—rough, simple mountaineers—bringing their own band of homely music and a queer collection of gifts, to remind the Pope of his boyhood. Being poor, they offered neither jewellery nor money, but *souvenirs* of home—cheeses, dried fruits, nuts, and even live goats.

THOSE PORTIONS of the famous Ashburnham Manuscripts which were stolen from French State Libraries have at last been restored to their rightful country. When the British Museum, in 1883, wanted to buy the collection, it was proposed to cede these lost treasures, but as the English Government refused the purchase-money, and the collection passed into Italian hands, the negotiations hung fire for some years, although Lord Ashburnham kept back the disputed MSS. from the sale. Finally, through Messrs. Trübner's interposition, the Paris National Library was offered the manuscripts in return for 6,000*l.* and the cession of a certain Codex Manesse—a collection of thirteenth-century German poetry—to a German public library. This exchange has just been effected, and the missing manuscripts will be distributed to their original homes—the libraries of Tours, Orleans, and other French towns, whence they were stolen forty years ago by Libri and Barrois.

M. PASTEUR has entered as a competitor for the prize of 35,000*l.* offered by the New South Wales Government for the extermination of rabbits. He has just sent over a supply of microbes of chicken cholera in charge of three pupils trained to spread the disease among the rabbits. Perhaps the Australians might also take a hint from the Californians, who are beginning to find Bunny a serious plague. Owing to the bitter winter, big herds of an enormous kind of rabbit, known as "jackass rabbits," have come down from the mountains to ravage the flat plains round the San Joaquin River, which they effectually clear of all vestige of green food. So the inhabitants organise public Sunday "rabbit-drives," when all the men, women, children, and dogs gather in the field, and, under a leader's direction, surround the rabbits on all sides, and, gradually narrowing the circle, drive their enemies into a corral or enclosure. Then the hunters and the dogs rush into the corral and kill off the rabbits, the dogs finishing the poor beasts which have become disabled in the rush, and the men hitting with clubs. As the miserable rabbits have no idea of defence except in speed of escape, they perish rapidly, and the scene becomes horrible. The last rabbit killed, the crowd adjourn to a neighbouring ranch for a "barbecue"—a general merrymaking. Some 8,600 rabbits were killed in a single drive, and in one district, Kern County, 150,000 have been destroyed by these drives within three months.

THE YELLOW RIVER IN CHINA, which recently caused such terrible distress and loss of life by its vast inundations, is proving far too formidable for the Chinese authorities to overcome with their primitive engineering notions. Lives and money are being wasted in efforts to repair the breaches of the embankment, for only a short time since a fleet of bamboo rafts laden with stones for a breakwater collapsed in mid-stream with the loss of 4,000 men, while the officials are at their wits' end to obtain sufficient millet stalks to fill up the gaps in the banks. Unfortunately the banks are not composed of the usual sticky mud deposited by the Yangtze, and which offers a certain resistance when properly strengthened, but are of a loose, sandy nature, which can only be held together by fibrous matter like millet. The drought following the inundation, while preventing further flood, has however stopped the river from seeking an outlet to the sea, and thus draining off the superfluous waters. So the stream simply remains as a huge lake, covering the fertile plains of Honan and Anhui, and effectually checking cultivation. European experts propose plans, but the Chinese obstinately cling to old methods, though so disheartened that they begin to despair of closing the breach this year. Even the origin of the disaster is now traced to foolish superstition, for when warned of the danger of floods the River Viceroy refused to undertake preventive operations because the almanac declared that it was an unfavourable day. Meanwhile, bitter suffering prevails among the inhabitants of the flooded district, who are encamped on the high grounds, with few comforts, in freezing weather, and are short of food. The *North China Herald* contains some interesting accounts of the European efforts to carry relief to the distressed people, while the Chinese authorities themselves are giving two bowls of porridge daily to each person.



A WARM RECEPTION FOR A TORPEDO BOAT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE RECENT MANOEUVRES OF H.M.S. "EDINBURGH" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN



RUSSIA duly presented a Note to the Porte last week urging the Sultan to notify to the Bulgarian Government that Prince Ferdinand's position is illegal, and contrary to the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. This request was subsequently endorsed by the German and French Ambassadors, who paid a special visit to the Porte for this purpose, but the Austrian, Italian, and British representatives having "received no instructions" made no sign either of approval or otherwise. As yet the Porte has returned no answer, but is apparently awaiting the result of the real negotiations which are taking place in Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Germany warmly supports Russia's demand, and at Constantinople Herr von Radowitz is even more urgent than M. de Nelidoff, but the general European opinion is that Russia has only taken this step to gain time, and to establish a further grievance in case of her request being refused—a very likely contingency, unless Russia shows her hand more openly, and frankly announces what ruler she would really accept in place of Prince Ferdinand. Indeed, as the Austrians argue, no one disputes the illegality of Prince Ferdinand's tenure, but it must be admitted that he has at least been able to maintain order, and that to expel him without first deciding upon a successor would mean either anarchy or the reduction of Bulgaria to a Russian satrapy. This last is doubtless Russia's aim, as in an official note on the situation the St. Petersburg Government dwells upon the fact that Bulgaria owes her existence to the sacrifices and efforts of Russia, and promises that after "the removal of the usurper" it will "await the first sincere declaration of the Bulgarian people made through its representatives in order to consign the past to oblivion, and to provide for the re-establishment of relations based upon mutual confidence." Despite the apparent deadlock in the situation there is far less anxiety felt as to any imminent outbreak of hostilities, and the recent publication of the Treaty with Germany and the "understanding" with Italy has had a great effect in calming public apprehension in Austria, where the present grouping of the Powers is not inaptly compared to a quadrille, in which Prince Bismarck leaves his partner for a moment to make a polite obeisance to his lady *vis-à-vis*.

In BULGARIA itself, Russia's action is naturally viewed with universal disapprobation, and the Bulgarians assert that they will not yield up their independence without a struggle. Official personages protest that they would oppose the departure of the Prince by force, but in some influential circles this extreme view is not held, though, before yielding to any pressure on the part of the Powers, it is maintained that Bulgaria should receive a substantial guarantee that she should be at liberty to manage her own affairs, without that perpetual foreign intervention which has really lain at the root of her recent troubles. Sunday was Prince Ferdinand's twenty-seventh birthday, and was commemorated at Sofia with all due festivity. At a banquet to his officers, the Prince made a speech which does not savour of abdication, declaring that he was devoting himself to "the national restoration." He continued, "Let us pursue this aim together. Surround me with your affection, sustain me by your fidelity and your patriotism, and with God's help we will attain it."

In GERMANY the sudden death of Prince Louis, second son of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, has thrown the whole Imperial family into mourning. Though seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs, the Prince was not considered in danger, and the Grand Duke and Duchess having gone to Cannes to see the Hereditary Grand Duke (who is also in delicate health) could not reach Freiburg in time to find their son alive. Prince Louis, who was twenty-two years old, had served in the Uhlands, but was studying at the Freiburg University, somewhat, it is said, against his inclination. His funeral took place on Wednesday, being attended by Prince William of Germany, and by the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, the Princess being Prince Louis' only sister. The Emperor, who was very much attached to his grandson, is stated to have been greatly affected at the sad news, which had also a very depressing effect upon the Crown Prince, whose own condition is again exciting the gravest apprehensions. Owing to certain symptoms the doctors attending him feared that his lungs might be affected, and Professor Kussmaul was accordingly summoned to San Remo from Strassburg. While pronouncing his lungs uninjured, the Professor is said to have come to the conclusion that the symptoms arose from the seat of disease in the larynx, and closely pointed to the presence of cancer. Sir Morell Mackenzie, however, wished for further microscopical examinations to be made by well-known experts, and preparations from the throat have accordingly been sent to Professor Ziemmsen of Munich and to Professor Waldmeyer of Berlin. Dr. Mackenzie holds that the form of tube inserted in the Prince's throat by the wish of the German doctors was unsuitable, and created much irritation; and he has consequently had a new form made under his own supervision. According to the medical bulletins, which are exceedingly meagre, the Prince passes good nights, and his condition is unaltered, but the general uneasiness is increased by the fact that these announcements bear upon his recovery from the operation on the throat, and are silent as to the condition of the actual disease itself. The Prince was able to take a walk on the terrace on Monday, but was kept in by the cold wind on Tuesday.

There has been another Boulanger demonstration in FRANCE this week, which has somewhat alarmed the "Moderates," and has proportionately elated the hearts of the Radicals. At the seven by-elections held on Monday the electors cast a total of 54,670 votes for General Boulanger, although he was in no way a candidate, and, indeed, could not legally be elected. This little manifestation clearly evinces that the warlike General is still highly popular with the rural population of France, and that, should a general election occur, something very like a plebiscite would be pronounced in his favour. M. Tirard's tenure of office is consequently considered to be of very short duration, and there is much discussion as to whether M. Floquet would consent to be his successor, and, in that event, whether he would summon General Boulanger to the War Office, and supplant M. Flourens as Foreign Minister by M. de Freycinet. M. Flourens, who was duly elected for the Hautes Alpes on Sunday, has, however, done such excellent work during the past few months, and has so gained the confidence of the Powers, that a shrewd politician like M. Floquet will probably hesitate before losing the services of so valuable a colleague. The Protectionists have had it all their own way in the Chamber this week, and have succeeded in overthrowing the negotiations for the new Commercial Treaty with Italy, so that on Thursday the General Customs Tariff came into operation between both countries. The Government very strongly urged the Chamber to admit raw silk free, but the Deputies would only listen to a compromise, and halved the duty. This step is only calculated to benefit a very small section of the community—the silk-growers of the South—whereas Lyons, whose silk-manufacturing trade amounts to twenty millions sterling a year, will be seriously injured by having the price of the raw material enhanced, and will be distanced in foreign competition by the German, Italian, and even the British manufacturers. The Italian

Government, however, are not inclined to take the rupture as final, and, at Count Menabrea's earnest request, M. Flourens has consented to study some fresh proposals which are to be put forward by the Italians. The only other Parliamentary subject of outside interest has been a discussion about a French firm which had undertaken to manufacture certain projectiles for England. As, however, it was explained that the secret of this especial manufacture no longer existed, the minds of the anxious Anglophobists were quieted. Paris has been bitterly cold, and skating parties have been the chief social amusement of the week. There has been one theatrical novelty—an amusing comedy-vaudeville at the Renaissance, *Cocard et Bicoquet*, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond and Maxime Boucheron; and Dumas' *Princesse George* has been revived at the Français. M. Dupont, son of the veteran of '48, and a trusted friend of Ledru Rollin, died last week.

In RUSSIA even the Bulgarian crisis has been overshadowed by the panic on the Bourse, which has been caused by the sudden fall in value of the paper rouble and the depreciation of the Russian securities. This fall is due to a project of the Finance Minister for introducing the right of making certain business transactions on the basis of metallic currency. It is expected, however, that the project will be rejected by the Commission of Experts which has been summoned to discuss the matter, as such a measure would be regarded as a first step towards repudiation. Russian finance is in a very critical condition just now, and there is much manifestly in a very critical condition just now, and there is much alarm at Berlin, where enormous quantities of Russian securities are held, and where it has seemingly been suddenly discovered that Russia has long been outspending her income, and that there seems no chance of her making both ends meet.—There are prospects of further University troubles in Russia, and the St. Petersburg students have issued a proclamation detailing their grievances, and protesting against the recent enactments, particularly those which ordain that only sons of good family with competent means are to be received at the Universities.

In INDIA the Government is taking the Sikkim question seriously in hand. The Rajah has been invited to Darjeeling to lay his grievances before the Viceroy. The garrison of Tibetan troops occupying Lingtu on Sikkim territory has been warned to evacuate the country by March 15. As, however, the Tibetans show no sign of retiring, and are stated to have received reinforcements, the expedition under Colonel Graham, R.A., will hold itself in readiness to march upon Lingtu on March 14. The evacuation of Lingtu was insisted upon in a letter to the Grand Lama from the Viceroy, but no reply has been received. The expedition has stringent orders in no way to violate Tibet territory. From Burma come the usual interminable accounts of dacoit raids and outrages, and the Muggoughlaing Police Station in the most southern portion, and hitherto the most peaceable district, of Burma has been attacked and burned.

In the UNITED STATES and CANADA the proposed Fisheries Treaty has called forth both praise and violent denunciation. The latter, as might have been expected, is predominant, the opposing Canadians on the one side declaring that every Canadian contention has been surrendered, while the malcontent Americans talk of "terms of capitulation," stigmatising the treaty as a "humiliating specimen of Mr. Bayard's incapacity," and condemn his "craven spirit." All the Government organs in Canada, however, express themselves satisfied, and the Canadian Government have released two American vessels detained at Halifax, as the new treaty establishes those rights which it was intended to test by this seizure. There is a serious strike of the employes of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, which employs 14,000 men upon 6,000 miles of line in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. The cause is the refusal of the directors to revise the scheme of wages. There has been a serious fire at the Union Theatre, New York. The Star Theatre, where Mr. Irving was performing, was greatly endangered, but was ultimately saved from injury.



THE QUEEN returned to Windsor from town on Saturday. During Her Majesty's three days' stay at Buckingham Palace the Queen invested the Maharajah of Kuch Behar with the Order of the Indian Empire, received the children of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, entertained at dinner the Princess of Wales and her three daughters, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Lathom, and went to see the Duchess of Cambridge. The Duchess of Albany and her children also joined the Royal party in town, while Prince and Princess Henry spent the evenings at the Lyceum and Royalty theatres. On Saturday morning Her Majesty gave audiences to Lord Salisbury and to Lord Arthur Hill, the latter presenting the House of Commons' Address replying to the Royal Speech, and subsequently Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin lunched at the palace. The Queen left town in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and children, Prince Henry remaining till later to go to the Savoy Theatre. Next Morning Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. Edgar Sheppard preached, and in the afternoon Princess Christian, and her second son Prince Albert, visited the Queen. On Monday evening Her Majesty gave a Diplomatic dinner party, including the German, Austrian, and Spanish Ambassadors, Countess Karolyi, and Sir H. Drummond Wolff as the chief guests. Previous to the dinner Sir Drummond Wolff kissed hands on his appointment as Minister to Persia. The Queen comes to town again next Thursday for the Drawing-Room on the following day. Her Majesty's departure for Florence remains fixed for March 20th, and according to present arrangement the Royal party will spend the 22nd with the German Crown Prince and family at San Remo, going on by night to Florence.

The Prince of Wales extended his visit to San Remo to five days, not returning to Cannes until the end of last week. During his stay the Prince accompanied the Crown Princess and daughters to a charitable ball on behalf of the German Evangelical Church, and frequently played lawn-tennis with his nieces. The Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Henry of Prussia afterwards accompanied him to Ventimiglia, whence he took train for Cannes. The Prince leaves the Riviera at the end of this week, and after spending a short time in Paris will be home in time for the Levée on Wednesday. On the same day the Prince will be re-elected Grand Master of English Freemasons. Next week also will be devoted to the Silver Wedding festivities, including the family dinner party and ball at Marlborough House, and the Queen's State Banquet, while the Drawing Room on Friday is expected to be especially brilliant in consequence. Prince Albert Victor returned to York on Tuesday. The weather proving unfavourable to hunting during his stay at Serlby Hall, the Prince greatly enjoyed the tobogganing provided by Lord and Lady Galway. Prince George is coming home for the anniversary, having sailed from Malta on Monday in the *Sutlej*. It is rumoured that at the family dinner the Prince of Wales will announce the engagements of Prince Albert Victor to Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Greece, who is seventeen years old, and of his second daughter, Princess Victoria, with the Crown

Prince of Greece, both the latter being twenty years of age. The Princess of Wales and daughters remain in town, and on Tuesday evening went to the Paris Hippodrome, previously dining with the Earl and Countess of Lathom in the Royal House at Olympia.

Princess Christian visited the London Hospital, Whitechapel, on Saturday afternoon, and went over the nursing home.—The Duchess of Albany has consented to distribute the prizes to the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps at Guildhall on March 17th.—The Queen of Sweden is experiencing very cold weather at Bournemouth, but nevertheless rides or drives daily. Miss Munck, who had been staying with the Dowager Countess of Cairns at Lindisfarne, has now joined the Queen of Sweden at Craig Head. The wedding will take place at St. Stephen's Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury having given permission that the service may be conducted according to the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal National Church of Sweden. The marriage is fixed for the 15th inst.—The German Crown Princess with her daughters, Prince Henry, and the Grand Duke of Hesse visited Admiral Hewett on board his flagship during the stay of the British Squadron at San Remo.—The Shah will visit the Paris Exhibition in 1889.



THE CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY met on Tuesday, when for the first time, it is said, since 1603, the Primate having summoned the Lower House to attend the Upper House, the members of both Houses signed in conjunction their assent to the new and amended canons as to the hours of marriage.

IN REFERENCE TO THE BELL-COX CASE, the *Record* learns that the defending solicitors have served Dr. Hakes's solicitors with the formal order of the House of Lords for leave to appeal against the order of the Court of Appeal, which decided that the arrest of Mr. Bell-Cox was lawful.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, speaking at Blackpool, said that the choice between cremation and interment involved nothing beyond public feeling and sentiment. He did not believe that there was anything in St. Paul's doctrine of the Resurrection which bore upon the question, and he trusted that references to Christian doctrine would not be dragged into the discussion. For his own part, he could not help thinking that, if we avoided its most obvious faults, interment was, on the whole, the most natural way of disposing of the remains of the dead.

IN A MOST INTERESTING LECTURE ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY, delivered at the Royal Institution, Dean Bradley described the object of Edward the Confessor, the founder of the existing structure, and of his Norman successor, to have been to make it a mortuary chapel, where masses should be said for the good of their souls. It was not until the period when the English became a consolidated people, and were fused into a nation, namely, in the reign of Henry III., that the Abbey became the usual burying-place of the monarchs of England. Poets' Corner, the Dean intimated, had commenced with the desire of the City of London to place there a monument of Chaucer, and to make it the burial-place of Spenser. Speaking of the monuments in the nave, he referred to that of Pitt side by side with his great rival, Fox, and grouped near monuments of Bishop Atterbury, of the late Archbishop Trench, and of a great Nonconformist, Dr. Livingstone, which last, he said, was more visited by the people, perhaps, than any of them.

ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIALS, the well-known Sir W. W. Hunter, read at the last meeting of the Indian Section of the Society of Arts, Lord Northbrook in the chair, an elaborate and very instructive and suggestive paper on the "Religions of India." He adduced statistics to show that in a given period the number of native Christians in India had increased in a ratio far exceeding that of the increase of Mahomedans and Hindus. He pointed out that Christianity held out to the natives advantages of social organisation not offered by Hinduism or Islam. On the other hand, Islam is a great Teetotal Society, and among Hindus to touch liquor is a sign of low caste; while the native Christian, to whom it is not forbidden, is exposed to a terrible temptation. This contrast led Sir W. W. Hunter to the conclusion that, if Christianity is to be an unmixing blessing in India, it must be Christianity on the basis of total abstinence.



DR. BRADFORD'S "JUDITH."—Dr. Jacob Bradford's oratorio *Judith* was essayed for the first time in London, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening. It was intended as an "exercise" for the composer's degree of Mus. Doc. at Oxford, and must accordingly not be judged from the ordinary point of view of oratorio. According to the regulations of the University the candidate is required to write real eight-part harmony and eight-part fugal counterpoint, and to score and conduct his work. Nobody at the University cares a rush for the value of the composition so long as the oratorio or cantata contains its orthodox fugue and its double chorus. Dr. Bradford fully satisfied those conditions in *Judith* ten years ago, and he now, not altogether wisely, has attempted to bring the result before the notice of public audiences. We do not intend to criticise the oratorio in detail, for one reason because at a scratch performance not even a vastly superior work would have stood half a chance. It need, therefore, now only be said that the libretto, drawn chiefly from the Book of Judith and the Psalms, follows pretty closely the story told in the Apocrypha, the awkward incident of the Assyrian feast being merely depicted in a few bars of orchestra. On Tuesday night some of the most important music of the oratorio, including the *finale* to the first part (based as a chorale on the "Old Hundredth") was omitted, probably because it was too difficult for a body of choristers gathered together for a single occasion.

RETURN OF MADAME SCHUMANN.—Madame Schumann made her first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts on Monday, and was received with the cordiality which the British public invariably show to old friends. It is true that the distinguished pianist did not begin regularly to visit England till somewhat late in life. Her first engagement here was in 1856, when her husband was dying, and when indeed she was compelled to hurry away from London to receive his last embrace. She did not return again till 1865, and since then her annual sojourn to this country has hardly six times been broken. But Madame Schumann's public career dates farther back. It will next October be sixty years since as a "prodigy" of nine she made her first appearance at Leipzig at the concert of Fraulein Perthaler, and for the last half century she has been one of the recognised leaders of the classical School of pianism. Now, of course, with advancing age has come a certain lack of power, although otherwise her tone and other special characteristics of her style she still retains. On Monday she selected as her solo

Beethoven's sonata "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," which, as a good many worthy people still persist, has attached to it a love story, the only point in dispute among them being the interesting question whether the lovers were married or not.—It may be a shame to disturb so pretty a fiction, but the inscription on the original on Beethoven's handwriting clearly proves that the individual whose departure and return are thus glorified was the Archduke Rudolph, who had given the grateful composer a small annuity. For an encore Madame Schumann played her husband's Romance in D minor, from the Opus 32.

MR. SHINN'S "CAPTIVES OF BABYLON."—The oratorio *The Captives of Babylon*, by Mr. George Shinn, Mus. Bac., performed last Friday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is an amplification of a smaller cantata, in which the services of a reader were employed to narrate the story. Mr. Shinn has now made of his cantata an oratorio, in the music of which difficulties are designedly avoided, so that the work may be useful to church choirs and provincial choral societies. Save, then, to note its generally simple, but graceful and melodious character, there is little need to further describe Mr. Shinn's own part in the work. The libretto deals firstly with the state of the Jewish nation during the half century which preceded the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the siege of the city, and the carrying away into Babylon, the story itself being but briefly touched, and the whole being varied and illustrated by reflective choruses. The second part narrates the death of Nebuchadnezzar, the fall of Belshazzar, the capture of Babylon by the Medes and Persians, and the restoration of the Jews to their own land by Cyrus.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Mr. J. A. Dykes, a pupil of Raff and of Madame Schumann, gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall last week, and then made his debut in London as a pianist. Mr. Dykes is yet very young, but he is already a singularly able executant, and higher qualities will doubtless develop themselves in time. His best effort at his recital was Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.—At the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, a familiar programme included Schumann's symphony in C, and Sterndale Bennett's *Parisina* overture, admirably performed under Mr. Manns, and Miss Fanny Davies gave a remarkably intelligent reading of Beethoven's concerto in G.—On Saturday evening at the concert by the Strolling Players, M. Gouvy's second symphony in F, composed about forty years ago, and originally produced here by M. Lamoureux in March, 1881, was performed for the second time in London.—On Wednesday, the last of the afternoon London Symphony Concerts was given, Liszt's *Totentanz* being repeated, by Mr. Fritz Hartwigson, who played this difficult music most admirably. The Princess of Wales and her daughters were present. The programme otherwise included only familiar items.—On Wednesday evening, the first movement of a new symphony by Mr. Macpherson was produced by the Westminster Orchestral Society.—Concerts have been given this week by Mr. Wade, the Sacred Harmonic Society (*Elijah*), the Royal College Students, Mr. John Cross, Mr. Lindo, Miss Douste, Miss and Master Bauer, and many others.—At the Ballad Concert on Wednesday several new songs were produced; the most noticeable of which were "Remember," by Blumenthal, sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd; and "My Southern Home," by Molloy, sung by Miss Alice Gomes.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Christine Nilsson, who has for some time past been a sufferer from acute rheumatism, will this summer take her farewell of the London public at two concerts given under Mr. Kuhe's direction.—Dr. von Bülow proposes to return to London this year to give a series of recitals, during which he will perform the whole of the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven.—M. Alard, the celebrated violinist and early teacher of Señor Sarasate, died last week in Paris, aged seventy-three.—Mr. Barnby has resigned the post of conductor at the Royal Academy of Music, and will probably be succeeded by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.—An afternoon concert was given on Friday last, February 24th, at the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park, E. Messrs. Wilford Morgan, J. J. Dallas, L. Bridgeman, and E. Blackburn, assisted by Mrs. Haes and Dr. J. G. Harsent and Dr. Samuel West, kindly gave their services, which were much appreciated by a large audience, including 139 patients. We congratulate the authorities on this new departure.—The Liverpool Testimonial was announced to be presented to Madame Rôze on Friday of this week.



SOME OF THE WORKING MEN at Dorchester have been allured by the formation of a local Defence Fund to defray their legal expenses into refusing payment of a rate specially levied to meet the expenditure incident to the visit of the Prince of Wales to that town last year, on the occasion of the holding of the Bath and West of England Show. The whole amount is 400l., and the only refusals came from a number of working men instigated from above to maintain that the expenditure in connection with the Royal visit did not constitute a legal charge upon the rate, and therefore could not be enforced. They were summoned, and the Dorchester magistrates, holding the rate to be perfectly legal, issued an order for the amount sued for. The question, it is understood, will be brought before a higher Court, doubtless at the expense of the subscribers to the Defence Fund.

IN THE ACTION FOR LIBEL brought against the *Times* by Mr. Gibbons, formerly a judge in Jamaica, who claimed 10,000l. damages from that journal because it reprinted from a Jamaica paper some animadversions on his career, the jury on Wednesday, after a few minutes' deliberation, gave a verdict for the defendant.

THE CASE IN WHICH 18l. was claimed from the Great Western Railway for the loss of a Gladstone bag entrusted to one of its porters by a lady who was going by a train soon to start, was reported in this column at the time, when it came before the Court of Appeal. A County Court Judge had decided against the company. The Divisional Court reversed the decision. The Court of Appeal reversed the decision of the Divisional Court, and the Railway Company having appealed to the House of Lords, that ultimate tribunal has confirmed the original decision of the County Court Judge in favour of the claim of the owner of the lost Gladstone bag. The Lord Chancellor and all the Law Lords were agreed, with the exception of Lord Bramwell, who laid stress on the fact that the lady, when giving the bag to the porter, had asked whether it would be safe with him, thereby seeming to show that in her opinion, which was Lord Bramwell's, the porter's custody of the bag was a favour to her, and not a duty, involving the responsibility of his employers, on his part.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, appealed to in another case, which was also reported in this column at the time, has confirmed a decision in which (as we remarked when reporting it) the Court of Appeal achieved for common sense a triumph over legal precedent. The precedent was a judicial decision so old as 1849, that a passenger in an omnibus could not claim damages for injuries sustained by the negligence of its driver, because it was then held that by riding in a particular omnibus, he had in some mysterious, and indeed unintelligible way so "identified himself" with its owner and his servants, that he could not claim damages for the negligence of the latter. This doctrine was set up as a defence against the claim for

compensation for the death of persons killed in a collision caused by the negligence of those in charge of two colliding vessels, in one of which the victims were passengers. The Court of Appeal refused to be bound by the precedent of 1849, and gave judgment against the owner of one of the steam vessels. The House of Lords has confirmed the decision of the Court of Appeal, so no more will be heard in our Courts of Law of the "leading" and misleading case of 1849.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK POLLOCK, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has been elected Corpus Christi Professor of Jurisprudence.



MR. FERGUS HUME's Australian story, entitled *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, is a rather coarse and clumsy imitation of the romances of Gaboriau and the novelettes of "Hugh Conway." Its style is poor, its grammar faulty, and it can make no pretence to observation of life and character. On the other hand, the trick of manufacturing a mysterious crime, and keeping the reader in doubt and perplexity as to which of two or three persons is the criminal, has been practised with so much success that the little book is understood to have enjoyed a considerable sale, both in Australia and this country. In the customary course the story has now been transferred to the stage in the form of the drama, with the same title, written by the author, with the assistance of Mr. Arthur Law, which was brought out by Miss Grace Hawthorne at the PRINCESS'S Theatre last week. Nothing more was needed to expose the common-place and vulgar character of the book; for the well-known canon of art which forbids the dramatist to puzzle and bewilder his audience has compelled the playwrights to drop the pretentious air of mystery, and thus to betray the fact that the story had really little else to recommend it. The absurdity of representing a wealthy Melbourne merchant as paying 5,000l. to a scoundrel and extortioner for the certificate of the merchant's own marriage in a church in Melbourne, where any number of such documents could be obtained for a trifling fee, may not perhaps have much disturbed the faith of the simple-minded playgoer. Mr. Hume is certainly not the first dramatist who has exhibited ignorance of the fact that a certificate is not a register, but only a certified copy of a register; and no doubt the difficulty might have been removed by the well-known device of representing that the register itself had by some accident been destroyed. It is nevertheless clear that Mr. Hume never thought of this, because he was not conscious of any difficulty. It is equally strange, that neither his Melbourne merchant, nor his persecutor, nor the other scoundrel who actually murders Scoundrel No. 1 in a hansom cab, in order to possess himself of the worthless paper, has any suspicion of it. So precious indeed does the merchant consider the document, that in his anxiety not to betray the secret of his first marriage with a disreputable actress, and thus to illegitimize a beloved daughter, he actually permits the beloved daughter's innocent betrothed to be brought to trial for a murder he has not committed, rather than reveal his secret transactions with the real murderer. The true reason why the seven acts of the new play (the official description is "five acts," but the two "tableau curtains" are merely a distinction without a difference) proved so tedious, was that no one could for a moment believe that a single hair of Mr. Barnes's curious red wig was in any danger from the unfounded charge against him, although the spectators were compelled to assist at the laborious unravelling of a knot which was really no knot at all, since they were from the opening scene in full possession of the facts. Mr. Fernandez played the part of the merchant with a degree of force and sincerity which, under happier conditions, would have been impressive. Miss Hawthorne as Sal Rawlins, on the other hand, acted in a wild and eccentric vein, as if aware of the hopelessness of presenting this personage as a sketch from life. The idea was carried out not ineffectively, and as much may be said for Mrs. Huntley's powerful though repulsive portrait of the drunken vicious old woman Guttersnipe. The most amusing feature in the play was Mr. Harry Parker's performance of a detective, whose polite contempt for a less artistic rival, in the person of Mr. Frank Wright, finds expression in a variety of humorous ways. Miss Dolores Drummond as a chattering illiterate landlady, and Miss Eva Sothorn as the heroine, also deserve favourable mention. The play is indeed well acted, and the mounting, though the mechanical changes of scene (*coram populo*) are rather clumsily managed, is sufficiently picturesque and effective.

The sudden death of Mr. John Clayton while on tour with the *Dandy Dick* Company, at Liverpool, is a serious loss to the stage. Both as an actor and a manager Mr. Clayton's services to the modern drama were considerable. How successful he had been at the Court Theatre, a house somewhat out of the range of the play-going world, is attested by the fact that when his lease expired last September, and the theatre was condemned to demolition, he at once set about the building close at hand a new and elegant structure, with all the modern improvements and appliances. The new Court Theatre, which Mr. Clayton was unhappily not destined to occupy, is rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Clayton, whose real name was Calthorpe, was, we believe, the son of a Lincolnshire farmer, established about six miles from Spalding, in which town he had a brother, a well-known solicitor. He was destined for the Civil Service, but took to the stage when scarcely twenty, making his appearance at the St. James's, at Hastings, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, in 1866. In later years he gained a high reputation as a serious actor, particularly by his pathetic and impressive performance of the hero of Messrs. Merivale and Simpson's sombre play, *All for Her*. His later triumphs, however, have been won in Mr. Pinero's farcical comedies—an unique instance, as has been observed, of an actor suddenly passing from serious and romantic to extravagantly farcical parts, and being equally successful in both. His Colonel Lukyn in *The Magistrate* and his Dean of St. Marvell's in *Dandy Dick* were rich in humour, and altogether admirable impersonations. Mr. Clayton, who married a daughter of Mr. Boucicault, had but just passed his forty-third birthday, when an attack of cold and erysipelas in the head, attributable to the trying weather of the last fortnight, brought his active career to an abrupt and premature close. It has been noticed as a curious circumstance that he expired on the twenty-third anniversary of his first appearance on the London stage.

Mr. C. S. Fawcett's adaptation, entitled *Katti*, with which Mr. Edouin has opened his reign at the STRAND Theatre, suffers from over-elaboration, and from a certain vein of somewhat purposeless extravagance, which this popular comedian's style is apt rather to exaggerate than to soften down. There is amusement in the piece, nevertheless, and it will doubtless be improved by compression. Miss Atherton's eccentric German servant girl is a humorous conception; and some other parts are cleverly played by Mr. H. H. Morell (said to be a son of Sir Morell Mackenzie), Mr. Chevalier, Miss Grace Huntly, and Mr. Webster.

As many must have anticipated, Mr. Wilson Barrett's forcible and impulsive style of acting proved to be particularly well suited to the character of Claude Melnotte, which he has played at the GLOBE in two successive Wednesday matinees. It is the triumph of the actor that the utterances of this questionable hero seemed for the occasion to have lost their tawdry character. Especially good was the subdued but earnest pleading in the colloquy with Pauline

in the garden, and the wild outburst of passion in the parting-scene in the widow's cottage. Miss Eastlake's Pauline will not take a leading place among her personations, but it is nevertheless a picturesque and moving performance. Friends of Mr. George Barrett were believed to look forward to his Colonel Damas with some apprehension, for the style of this actor consorts not, as a rule, with a chivalrous tone or a haughty demeanour. Nevertheless, Mr. Barrett, though not without visible effort to restrain comic impulses, acquitted himself with something more than a passable success. The Globe Wednesday matinees, which are wholly independent of the evening till or the Saturday afternoon performances, are deservedly popular.

Mr. Seeborn's dramatic version of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, brought out at a matinee at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, greatly interested the audience, and Miss Annie Hughes, in the part of the youthful hero, achieved a really brilliant success. By general consent of the critical, however, the adapter's obligations to the story are very much greater than would be inferred from his somewhat grudging and unhandsome acknowledgment. The practice of appropriating, and at the same time disparaging, a novelist's invention is, under the shelter of our defective copyright law, a great deal too common. The recent publication of Mr. Wilkie Collins's letter detailing the honourable conduct of Mr. Thorne of the VAUDEVILLE in the case of *The Woman in White*, and the vigorous protest which the latest example of this sort of legalised pillage has aroused, will probably not be without effect either on playwrights or managers. The present case is all the harder because Mrs. Burnett is understood to have herself prepared a version of her singularly delicate and beautiful little story.

Joseph's *Sweetheart*—such is the title which Mr. Robert Buchanan has given to his new comedy based on Fielding's "Adventures of Joseph Andrews"—is in active preparation at the VAUDEVILLE. Its successive scenes, spread over five acts, will, it is expected, present many striking pictures of life and manners in the Hogarthian days of King George II. Joseph's "sweetheart" is, of course, Fanny. She will be played by the fascinating Miss Kate Rorke, who, by the way, is to marry, next summer, Mr. Gardiner, the popular actor who played the hero in *Pleasure at Drury Lane*. This is as it should be—that is to say, clever actresses should marry actors, and not peers of the realm and such haughty folk, who generally require them to forswear the stage. Here let us note that Mr. Thomas Thorne plays Parson Adams, Mr. Conway Joseph, Miss Eliza Johnstone Mrs. Slipslop, and Mr. F. Thorne Llewellyn—a character for whose introduction into the story Mr. Buchanan's invention alone is responsible.

The title of Mr. Pinero's new play, which is to be brought out at TERRY'S Theatre on the 21st inst., is *Sweet Lavender*. It is not a long farce, neither will it present Mr. Terry in what is known as a "low-comedy" part. The play is a domestic drama, with a serious vein of interest. With this change comes a corresponding revolution in Mr. Terry's company, which will then include Messrs. Alfred Bishop, Frederick Kerr, Sant Matthews, J. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, and Brandon Thomas, and Misses Maud Millett, M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, and Rose Norreys.

It is Mr. Gilbert's money which is to build Mr. Hare's new theatre; but that, it appears, is all that is to be said regarding Mr. Gilbert's share in the business. That popular writer has enough to do in devoting himself to the fortunes of the prosperous Savoy. Mr. Hare will be the lessee of the new house for a term of twenty-one years, and he will have it constructed in every detail according to his own ideas and requirements. Its site is uncertain, or, rather, it is for the present a secret.

September 1st is the date fixed for the opening of the LYCEUM Theatre under the management of Mr. Richard Mansfield, who has achieved so great a renown as an actor in the United States. He will make his first appearance as the Baron Chevalier in *A Parisian Romance*—one of his most famous characters. It is stated that Mr. Irving himself generously proposed to Mr. Mansfield that he should avail himself of the Lyceum Theatre for the purpose. Mr. Mansfield left us seven years ago a young and obscure actor; he will return with a gigantic reputation which may or may not be sustained on this side of the Atlantic.

Boots' Baby, which needs no introduction to readers of *The Graphic*, is to come upon the stage. It has already been acted once in a formal way for the sake of copyright at an obscure suburban house, and will be reproduced in a more elaborate fashion by Mr. Edgar Bruce when he enters into possession of the ROYALTY.

Messrs. Lynwood and Mark Ambient's "society drama," entitled *Christina*, will be brought out at the OLYMPIC on Thursday next with elaborate new scenery and a powerful company.

Mr. Rutland Barrington, of the Savoy, will be the new lessee of the ST. JAMES'S Theatre. He will open in November next with a new comedy by Mr. Sydney Grundy.

SANGER'S Amphitheatre will re-open on Monday with *Alone in London*, by Mr. Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay.

On Tuesday afternoon next a new "society drama," in four acts, entitled *The Power of Love*, will be produced at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre. It is an adaptation, by Miss Henrietta Lindley, of Mrs. Panton's novel, "A Tangled Skein."

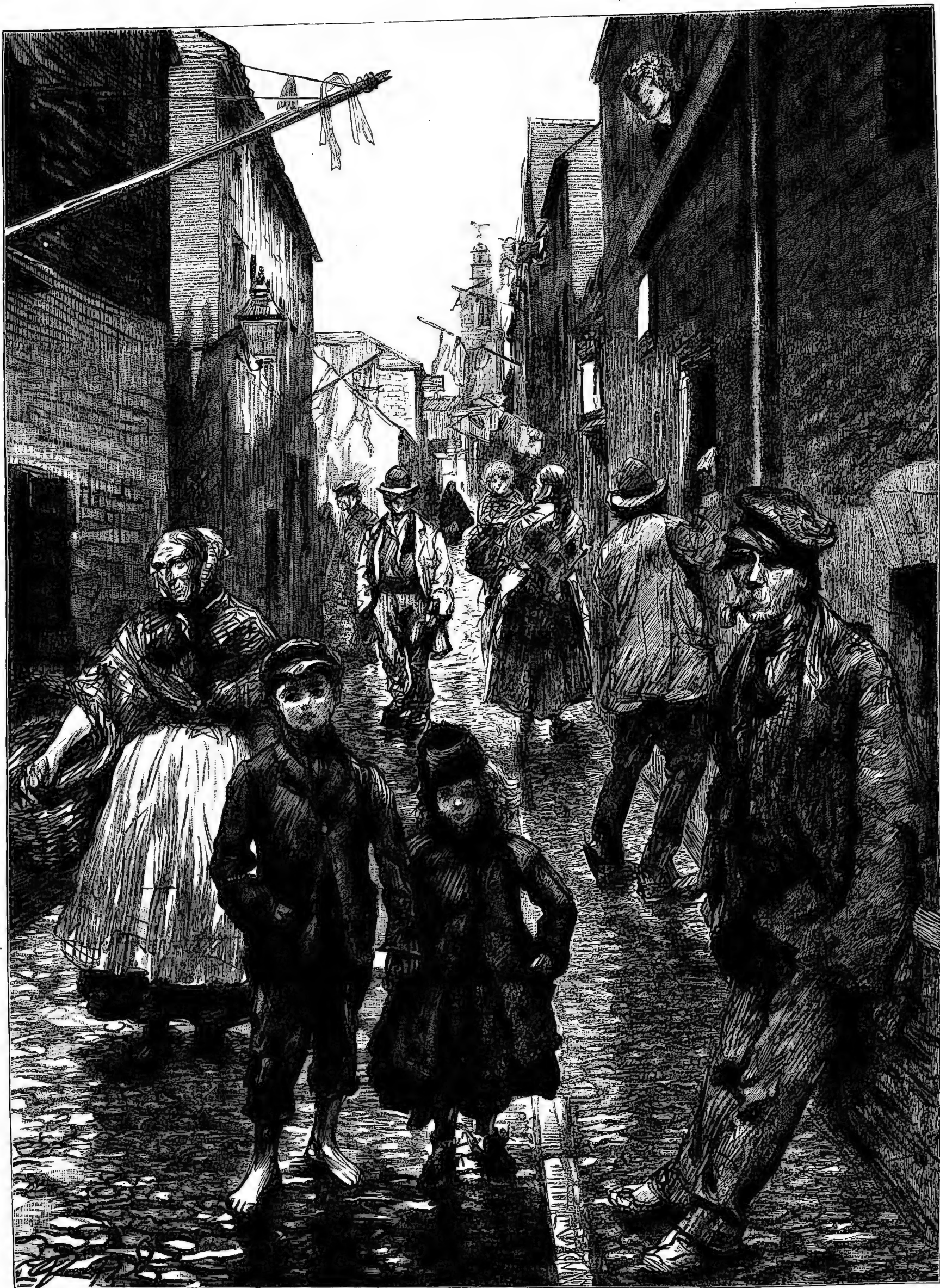
Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, fresh from their triumphs in Germany and Russia, made their reappearance at the CRITERION on Wednesday, instead of Saturday last, as originally announced. They met with an enthusiastic reception.

Mr. Meyer Lutz's annual benefit at the GAIETY takes place on the afternoon of the 19th inst. A programme of prodigious variety and range of talent—partly dramatic and partly musical—has been organised for the occasion.



ONCE more the weather has proved a spoil-sport. Since we last wrote little has been done in any of the ordinary out-door amusements. Coursing at Altcar was impossible all last week. The start for the Waterloo Cup was postponed from day to day until, on Saturday, the draw had to be abandoned and all bets were declared off. There were hardly any changes in the nominations for the second draw, which took place on Monday. Curiously, enough, Herschell and Miss Glendyne, the first and second favourites, were drawn together in the first round. Coursing was still impossible on Tuesday, however, and it was then decided to postpone the start again till Thursday in hopes of an improvement in the weather. A similar postponement took place in 1865, when the Cup was won by Meg, who, by an odd chance, had not been entered originally, but for whom a nomination was obtained before the second draw.

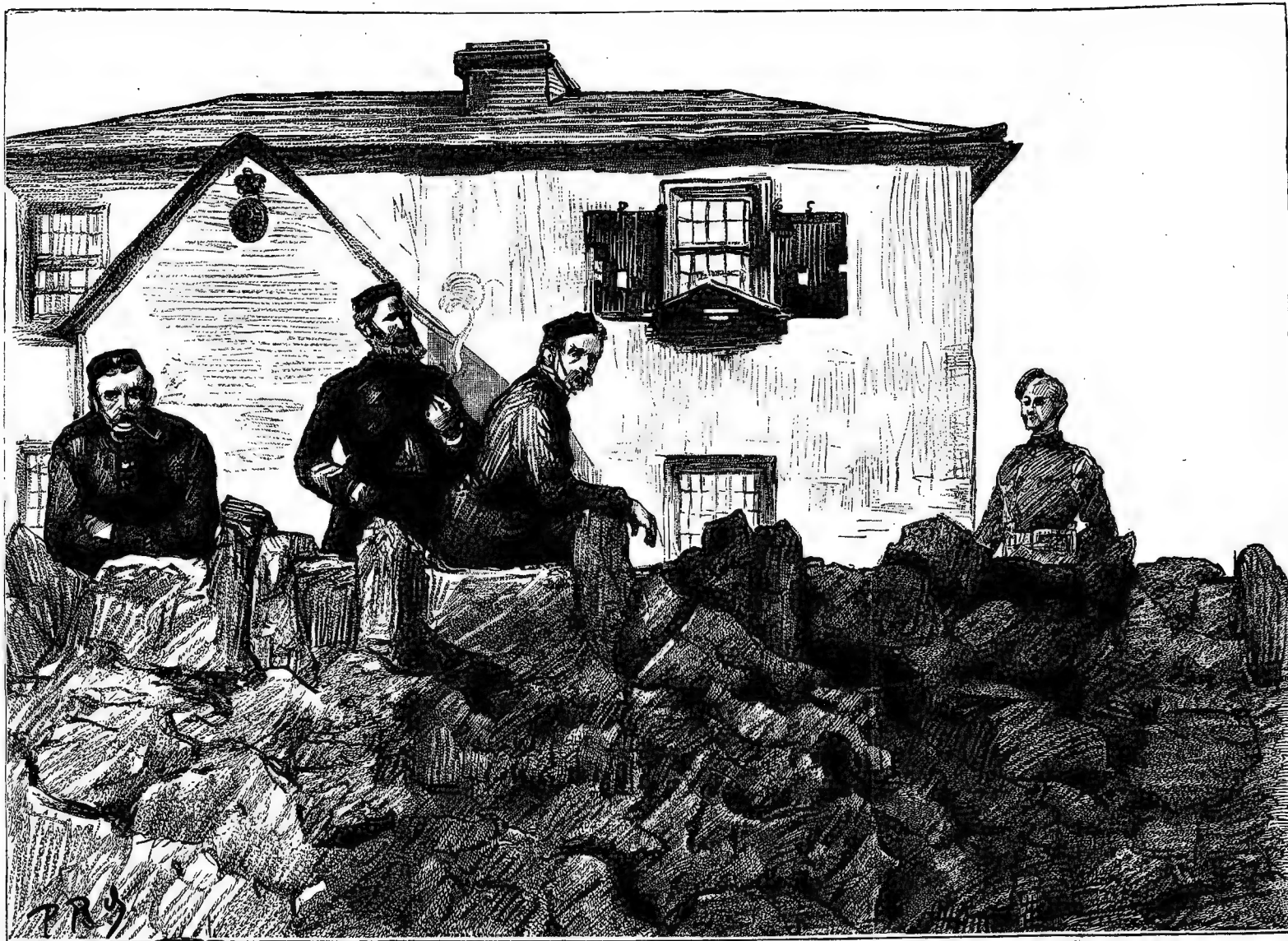
Frost was also responsible for the postponement of the Croydon race-meeting, and of the Malton Steeplechases, and for the scratching of any number of football matches, including the annual contest between the two leading Associationist Schools, Westminster and Charterhouse. There has been a good deal of skating, however, throughout the country, and on Tuesday the Dutch Skating Association managed to bring off their International Race for Professionals at Amsterdam. Our champion, George ("Fish") Smart, was not entered, but his brother James and his cousin George See took first and second prizes, so that England did well.



A LANE IN CORK

STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—III.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



A COUNTRY POLICE BARRACK



A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



CHARACTER SKETCHES, COUNTY GALWAY

STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—III.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE TURF.—By carefully covering over the course, the Manchester Executive managed to keep the frost out of the ground, and successfully brought off their meeting on Friday and Saturday last week. On the first day the most important event was the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase, in which Bay Comus was successful. Hindoo beat Rotherham, Winthorpe, and three others in the Salford Hurdle Race Plate; Delandre upset the odds of 5 to 2 laid on Kilworth in the Hunters' Steeplechase Plate; and Winthorpe being pulled out again won the last race on the card, A Selling Hurdle Race Plate. Next day Rotherham made up somewhat for his previous ill-success by taking the Saturday Selling Handicap Hurdle Race, St. Crispin won the February Hurdle Race Plate, and Sophist the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase Plate.

C. Wood's solicitors forwarded a long statement to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, asking for a reconsideration of his case, but their request has been refused.

ROWING.—The Lent races at Cambridge came to an untimely end on Friday last week, owing to the fatal accident which occurred to Mr. E. S. Campbell, of Clare. Clare had bumped Queen's, and were drawing to the side of the river, when the Trinity Hall boat came up hotly pursued by Emmanuel, and the sharp bow of the Hall boat struck Mr. Campbell, who was rowing No. 4, on the chest, and killed him almost instantaneously. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." It is to be hoped that steps will be taken in future, by doing away with the sharp prow now used in racing boats, to prevent the recurrence of the catastrophe.—Both the University Eights have been driven away from their home waters by the frost, and are likely to be somewhat backward in consequence of the interference with their practice. Oxford, who have again had to make use of Holland as stroke in consequence of Frere's indisposition, have been practising at Cookham, while Cambridge have paid a flying visit to Putney.—A desperate race took place on Monday over the Tyne Championship course between Norvell, a local sculler, and W. Pearce, of Hammersmith. Both were virtually settled half way, but eventually Pearce just managed to win.

CRICKET.—After easily defeating twenty-two of Tamworth last week, Shrewsbury's eleven tackled a team of combined Australia, comprising most of the players who are going to visit England this summer. The latter, however, shaped very badly against the bowling of Briggs, and only made 75 and 56 (Turner 29) to the 173 of the Englishmen (Shrewsbury 51), who won by an innings and 42 runs. Meanwhile, Mr. Vernon's team were doing the worst performance of the tour against twenty-two of Goulburn. The locals made 124, but the Britishers could only raise 31 between them, and though they put together 158 in their second innings, they were only saved from defeat by want of time. Since then, however, they have defeated eighteen of Wagga Wagga.

FOOTBALL.—There are few matches of importance to be recorded. Casuals beat Old Foresters in the first round of the London Charity Cup. Preston North End have easily defeated Darwen Old Wanderers in the Lancashire Cup, and Sheffield Wednesday, in a match for Mosforth's benefit. Cambridge has been severely defeated by West Bromwich Albion. Mr. P. M. Walters has returned to England, and with his brother will play for London against Glasgow at the Oval this (Saturday) afternoon. The programme for the Charity Festival on Saturday next is Corinthians v. Preston North End (Association), and Middlesex v. Somersetshire (Rugby). The Rugby Union have chosen an International Fifteen, though no International matches are to be played. It is for this reason, no doubt, that Rotherham is not included in the team, his place being taken by Fox, of Somersetshire, who, though not the equal in our opinion of the Richmond "half," has played consistently well this season.

BILLIARDS.—Spot-barred, Roberts has narrowly defeated Mitchell, and North easily M'Neill, while Peall is now playing White. All-in Sala, the Scottish Champion, has been beaten by Dowland, who did a fine performance on the last day of the match by scoring three breaks of over 500.

PEDESTRIANISM.—It is curious that all the opponents of Scott, the New Zealander, should have names beginning with an "H." Hancock and Hibberd were the first to fall before him, and this week Howes and he are engaged in a six days' race at the Aquarium, in which Scott has all the best of it.—A challenge to the world has been issued on behalf of Samuel's, the aboriginal "sprinter," and has been accepted by Hutchens, who has met him before several times with varying results.—A new athletic ground for London is in course of construction at Maida Vale, and is giving greatly needed work to a hundred and fifty of the previously unemployed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cambridge beat Oxford at golf.—The road-scullers (East, Corcoran, and Wallace Ross) beat the tricyclists (the veterans, David Stanton and John Keen) at the Aquarium last week.—In a six days' bicycle contest at Leicester, Battensby was leading on Wednesday, with Young, Lamb, and Terront close up.



COWS AND COTTAGERS.—Mr. Evershed is to be thanked by political economists as well as by farmers for the attention he gives in a recent published article, to "Hiring out Cows to Cottagers." In 1886, we called on farmers for an opinion as to whether this was practically feasible, and again last year we urged the great advantage of an increased use of milk among the peasantry. But Mr. Evershed does more. He comes forward with figures of attempts made, and with accounts of how farmers have made the attempt a success. Farmers trying the plan have done well, and the cottagers have profited themselves, besides paying the farmer. Nor is this wonderful, seeing that a well-selected and well-treated heifer will yield five times her weight in milk the first year, six times her weight the second year, and seven times her weight for the third, fourth, and fifth years; after which she goes off. Mr. Evershed's figures show clearly that a good heifer pays the cost of keep and hire the first year, while the increased quantity of milk yielded in subsequent years is the hirer's profit.

SELLING LIVE STOCK BY WEIGHT is a proposal which, coming originally from America, was subsequently brought into prominence in this country by the adoption of the custom by a famous firm of Edinburgh auctioneers, and by an exhaustive article on the subject by the Secretary of the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society. Lord Camperdown's Act followed, and finally we have the learned and cautious commentary of Sir John Lawes. An interesting comparison of prices has been published within the past few days, and showing that some large recent sales represented 6½ per lb. dead weight on the basis of 14 lb. live weight, and 8 lb. dead weight. Some figures of French sales show incidentally that the French proportion is almost exactly the same as the English, though what difference exists is in favour of the English stock and dresser. The growth of opinion in favour of selling live stock by weight is indicated by frequent recent refusals to pay toll at markets where Lord Camperdown's Act has not been adopted.

SHEEP have been lost by thousands in the four Northern counties and in Wales. Great struggles have been necessary to save and

feed the flocks. At the same time lambing in the South and South-West has been far less unfortunate than might have been expected from the severity of the weather. From Whitchurch we hear that very few lambs out of a large fall have been lost, but that a good many ewes have succumbed. In Somerset the reports are singularly satisfactory. One farmer boldly states that any weather is good for the flocks except wet. Lambing is progressing favourably in the Severn Valley, the severe cold apparently exercising very little retarding influence on the course of nature in an early breed. The lambs are arriving strong and healthy.

BUTTER.—There seems to be something wrong with our dairies which neither Parliament nor agricultural societies can reach. The Margarine Act was to banish imitations, or at least to put a premium, as it were, on the use of the honest produce of the cow. Yet since the Act came in force importations of margarine have increased 40 per cent. Experimental dairies, too, and exclusively patronised dairy shows, were to teach our farmers how to out-serve the foreign maker of butter. Yet since 1888 came in the imports do the foreign maker of butter. Other things are against the farmers, but in butter-making we cannot help suspecting that the use of foreign butter is the home producer's own fault.

THE HEREFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have a balance of 359l. on the accounts after the last year's Show, this being 103l. more than in the previous year. Professor Neam has been appointed Honorary Consulting Botanist. It has been decided to discontinue the annual dinner given on the first day of the Show. On the other hand, the Secretary's salary has been raised. On the whole, therefore, if less convivial, the Society seems to be rather more prosperous than it was a year ago.

OXFORDSHIRE.—The County Agricultural Society have a special reason for their appeal to agriculturists this year. At the Annual Show, to be held at Abingdon on the 23rd of May, there will, for the first time, be separate classes for all the leading breeds of cattle. This necessarily entails a greatly-extended prize-list for cattle, which with the cups and championships, now numbers as many as thirty prizes. There are thirteen classes for agricultural classes, two limited to tenant farmers, and the rest open. Travelling stallions, vanners, hunters, hackneys, and roadsters are all to be separately judged, and separate prizes given. Sheep are divided into Oxfordshire Downs, Hampshire Downs, other shortwools, and Cotswolds. The Oxfordshire farmers do not find longwooled sheep thrive as do the Downs. Pigs are divided into Berkshires, Large Whites, and Oxfordshires, and at this county's Show are generally a very interesting portion of the whole display. Butter, dead poultry, eggs, and honey, together with agricultural implements, will be shown. The Oxfordshire farmers are to be congratulated on the spirited manner in which their local society is worked by its president (Lord Wantage) and its secretary (Mr. Rew).

NORFOLK.—Snowstorms did not daunt the hardy East Anglians who flocked last week to see the magnificent Norfolk trotters at the Norwich Agricultural Hall. The agricultural horses did not merit so enthusiastic an adjective, but, as compared with the rather poor show of last year, they exhibited a satisfactory advance. Numbers as well as quality were improved. The farmers at the Show expressed general satisfaction with their wheat and barley threshings, but the inability to obtain more than thirty shillings for their wheat was the subject of much complaint.

DURHAM is a great "horse" county, and at the annual meeting of the County Agricultural Society it was only natural that great attention should be given to the horse-clubs of the district. Captain Beckwith threw out some interesting suggestions with respect to their scope and use, and among other things observed that he was somewhat doubtful about the size of their horses. Some of them were big enough, but, whether it was the fault of the horse or the mare, it was a fact that the horses in Durham were more often undersized than not. The railways and other firms who bought big horses had to go to Lincolnshire to get them, and railways generally bought Shire-horses, not Clydesdales. He believed that Shire-horses had a higher average selling value than Clydesdales, and were not more expensive or troublesome to breed.

ABERDEEN.—This county now enjoys the evil pre-eminence of being the "most infected" in the three kingdoms. Pleuro-pneumonia prevails in no fewer than twelve distinct centres, all within the Granite Shire. As some set-off to this bad news, we note that the recent by-sale of Shorthorns at Aberdeen has been marked by an unexpectedly good inquiry, and by high prices for the times and the quality of the stock. The rise on the year in price was over 20 per cent. on the bulls, and 15 per cent. on the females.

MR. WALSH AND MR. COLEMAN.—One short month has sufficed to rob our famous contemporary, *The Field*, of its two principal contributors. Mr. Walsh was a great authority, not only on sporting dogs but on every form of sport, and, trusted as he was by the whole sporting world, it is not surprising that he should have made the paper which he edited the principal sporting and hunting journal in the country. Among the reasons conducing to such success, the support which he derived from Mr. Coleman, who has now followed him to the grave, was one of the chief. Mr. Coleman had been an Assistant Royal Commissioner on Agriculture, had been a Professor at Cirencester Agricultural College, and had for many years managed the extensive Yorkshire estates of Lord Wenlock. Mr. Coleman's great work on the "Cattle of Great Britain," published in 1875, remained a standard authority till last year, when he himself superseded it by his, agriculturally, famous work on the "Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs of Great Britain," a book which is now to live-stock farmers, what the "Badminton Library" is to sportsmen. Mr. Walsh was seventy-seven, but Mr. Coleman was twenty years his junior.



I.

In *Blackwood* for March we notice four articles which present facts and information to the public on some important subjects with a certain amount of originality. These are: "Some Aspects of Australian Life," by Mr. Ernest Moon; "Cyprus Under British Rule," "Land, Population, and Wealth in the Western Isles," by Mr. Reginald MacLeod; and "Technical Education," by Professor G. G. Ramsay. All these papers are written by men who thoroughly understand what they are writing about, and take an impartial and sound view of matters. Professor Ramsay's article should be carefully read by all legislators who interest themselves in the subjects he treats of. He maintains that the only kind of technical knowledge which is valuable from a national point of view is that which rests upon a knowledge of the scientific principles on which all technique depends. Our educational system needs to be made more intelligent rather than more practical, more educative and less mechanical.

"Some Clerical Reminiscences" in *Cornhill* contains a great deal of reading that is interesting and amusing. The writer has wandered much abroad and at home, and was in the neighbourhood of Sedan when the battle of that name was fought. There he saw "a secluded cottage, with honeysuckles about the porch, and a velvet lawn across which a torrent of fighting had roared. Its inmates had fled. The grass had been 'cut,' not with a mower, but with cannon

wheels. Nevertheless, the cat was asleep in the sunny bay window, through which we could see an open piano with music set out before an empty stool."—"Section Life in the North-West," is a description of the mode of life of the men employed in keeping in repair a section of the Canadian Pacific Railway in one of the wildest and loneliest of the stretches of country through which it passes.

The two best papers in *Temple Bar* are "Horace Walpole and Madame Du Deffand" and "Schopenhauer and His Mother." Of Madame Du Deffand's witty sayings, one of the best is her remark on the Cardinal de Polignac's account of St. Denis's miraculous walk with his head in his hands from Paris to the Abbey which bears his name. The Cardinal assured her that the Bishop had no trouble in carrying his head except to the first station, when she replied, "I can well believe it; in such affairs il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

Mr. H. Rider Haggard in *Longman* gives us a "Suggested Prologue to a Dramatised Version of 'She.'" It is placed two thousand years since, and the interlocutors are Amenartas and Ayesha, who stand over the dead body of Kallikrates.—Mr. Robert H. Scott takes the weather as a subject, and gives interesting data in connection with the question, "Is Climate Changing?" His conclusion, however, does take us much further than we were. Whether we look to temperature or to rainfall, he says at the end of his paper, the finding on the whole inquiry as to whether climate is changing or not, is most decidedly "not proven."

The frontispiece of the *Century* is a fine engraving from a photograph of "Bismarck in his Garden."—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt supplies a bright and vivid picture of wild Western life in the great cattle farms on the Little Missouri in "The Home Ranch," a paper handsomely illustrated.—Mr. George Kennan also contributes to the magazine a striking account of "Russian State Prisoners."

Every one who is interested in painting can read with advantage Mr. Edward Bowen Prescott's sympathetic account of "Modern Spanish Art" in this month's *Harper*. It is profusely illustrated with photographs from the more meritorious works.—Mr. C. H. Farnham has a capital article descriptive of a picturesque country and a picturesque folk in "Canadian Voyageurs on the Saguenay."—A charming paper of the lighter sort is "A Gypsy Fair in Surrey," by Mr. F. Anstey, illustrated by Mr. F. Barnard.

Yet another magazine is added to the already long list, with *The Meister*. Its object is to show to the English-speaking world the "many aspects of the genius of the departed master." The scope of the periodical will not be limited to the art in which Richard Wagner obtained renown, for its promoters—the Wagner Society—hold that, had he never composed one bar of music, and never conceived one scene of drama, his prose works alone would have ranked him among the foremost thinkers of the day. The magazine is edited by Mr. W. Ashton Ellis, and is contained in a cover with a design of most elaborate allegorical significance.

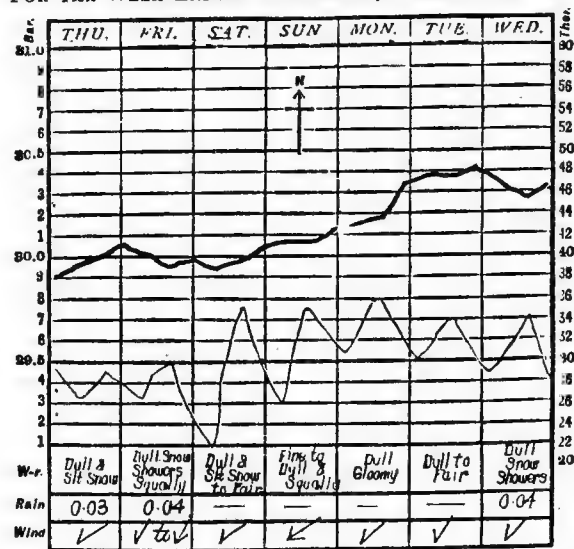
Madame de Mancoix writes in the *Woman's World* a most interesting and anecdotic paper on "Les Premières" ("First Nights") in Paris. It is illustrated by M. Paul Deste, who furnishes the frontispiece of the magazine, an engraving showing "A 'First Night' at the Théâtre Français: The Foyer."—"Ouida" has an amusing short paper, "Apropos of a Dinner," which is a protest against the license in gossip allowed themselves by writers of "Reminiscences." She denies the statement that at her dinner-table smoking began with the oysters. "No such abomination," says the author of "Puck," "can have been perpetrated at any dinner of mine. Then, as now, whenever people dine with me, I let them have cigarettes after the *rôti*; never before."—"Ouida" never smokes, thinks it a bad habit; but as man cannot talk well without it, exclaims, "For pity's sake, let them smoke."

A really beautiful photograph of Mr. Luke Filde's painting "Venetians" forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Walter Crane is instructive and interesting on "The Language of Line" and Miss Mabel Robinson may be read on "Pericles" with pleasure. We can also commend Mr. Richard Heath on "The Mythical Napoleon."

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is from Mr. J. S. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," and on the work generally of this American artist Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson writes sympathetically. Miss Mary Gay Humphreys is especially good too on "Landscape in America."

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (29th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week was very dull in nearly all places, with piercing Easterly winds and frequent snow-showers during the first part of the time generally. The highest barometrical readings were located in the neighbourhood of Scandinavia, while the lowest were found over the Mediterranean; and this distribution of pressure was, practically, maintained throughout the period. Very light gradients for varying Easterly airs were experienced over the more Northern portions of the United Kingdom, but comparatively steep gradients for extremely keen North-Easterly winds prevailed over the Southern half of the country. The weather was of a uniformly inclement character throughout, the sky being mostly overcast, and the air almost continuously frosty, while frequent and general showers of snow occurred during the first part of the time, and again locally in the South at the close of the week. Wednesday (29th ult.), no material change in the weather is either shown or expected. Frost, although not particularly severe at any of the British Stations, occurred daily over the greater part of the country, and as the maxima quite rarely reached 40° anywhere within the same area, the average temperatures for the week varied from 4° in the North to as much as 13° in the South-West below the mean. The lowest of the minima fell to 17° over Central England on Sunday (26th ult.), and to the same value in the South-West of Ireland on Monday (27th ult.). The highest readings by day failed to reach or exceed the freezing point on several occasions over the South and East of England.

The barometer was highest (30.42 inches) on Tuesday (28th ult.); lowest (29.92 inches) on Thursday (23rd ult.); range 0.50 inch.

The temperature was highest (36°) on Monday (27th ult.); lowest (22°) on Saturday (25th ult.); range 14°.

Rain (i.e. snow) fell on three days. Total fall 0.11 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.04 inch on Friday and Wednesday (24th and 29th ult.)



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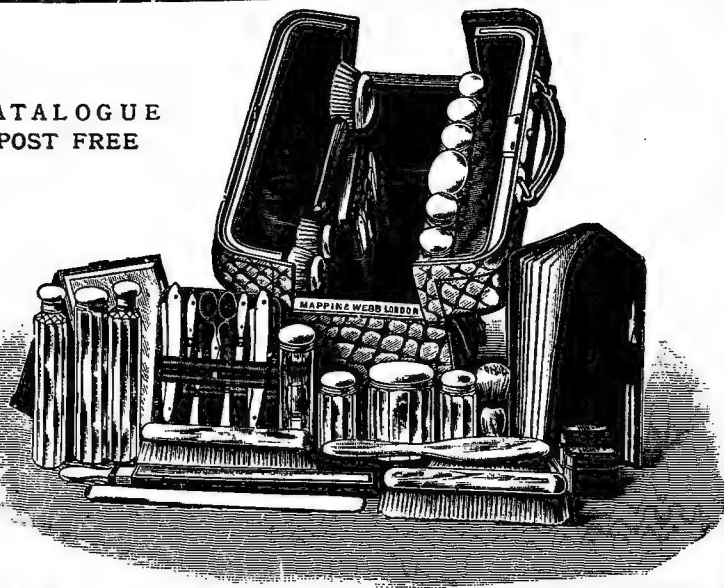
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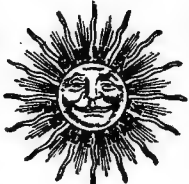
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CHAPTER XVII.

JENNY BEETON

It is probable that a company of visitors have rarely gone over "a show place"—as country mansions important enough for exhibition are called—under such curious circumstances as the little party of four who were now investigating the very moderate attractions of Trevor Court. Hugh, the son and heir, knew no more about them than his friend the artist, for it was the first time either of them had set foot in the house. Lady Trevor, of course, was well informed about it, but it was her *role* to appear otherwise; to show just as much knowledge, and no more, as would have been picked up by a sojourner for a few days in it. The cicerone of the party was therefore Clara Thorne, who herself had only been inside the Court since it had been getting ready for its present inmates, and had gleaned what she knew from the housekeeper, who in her turn, had acquired her information at second-hand from many sources. Clara threw herself into the part at once, which though in some degree a menial one, admitted of a stiff and exclusive style which became her admirably.

"Here," she would say with a grand air, and a sweep of her shapely arm, "is the Red drawing room, and this the Blue; observe the mosaic flooring of the Great Hall, if you please, and the ceiling of the ball-room painted by Chambino."

With this majestic drollery the two gentlemen were delighted, though they expressed it in different ways; Hugh looked at her with an approbation that seemed extorted from him—for as a general rule it was beneath his dignity to be amused; while Mr. Gurdon clapped his hands in uncontrolled admiration. Lady Trevor, who appreciated the cleverness of Clara's acting at least as much as either of them, by no means equally approved of it; the girl was dangerous enough from her beauty, but was still more so from her wit, which moreover, as it now struck her ladyship, had never before been manifested in her presence; it was strange that Hugh's arrival should have offered the first opportunity for its display; on the other hand she was so pleased to see her son pleased that she could not help partaking in his enjoyment.

The Court, as has been said, though a fine house, was of moderate dimensions. It was not one of those enormous mansions like Blenheim or Lowther Castle, the hugeness of which suggests rather an Hotel de Ville than Home. Though numerous, the living rooms were not in excess of possible requirement; and though a picture gallery has been spoken of, it was but one of the corridors, itself used as a sitting room in the summer time, which bore that ambitious title. The pictures themselves were, with few exceptions, of

small value, and were nearly all ancestral portraits—for the Trevor family was much more ancient than its present domicile.

"That's a handsome face, though I should say not a good face," observed Mr. Gurdon, pointing out a portrait a little in advance of them.

"If gentlemen would be kind enough to wait till objects of interest have been reached in their proper order," observed the amateur housekeeper reprovingly, "my duties would be less onerous."

"Bravo, bravo," cried Hugh, clapping his hands; "consider yourself sat upon, Gurdon."

"I am flat as a pancake," replied the little painter, putting the palms of his hands together penitently; "it would only serve me right if Miss Thorne did not satisfy my curiosity at all."

"That would be rather a severe punishment," answered Clara in her natural manner, "for your professional eye, Mr. Gurdon, has picked out not only the best picture but one in the whole collection, and the only one, as it happens, which has a history. That, though a member of the House of Trevor, I always call 'The Schoolmistress.'"

Directly the word had left her lips, she felt as if she would have given all she had in the world to recall it. The very fact of her using it should indeed have been a guarantee that she was unacquainted with the unfortunate occurrence that had driven Sir Richard from his home; but if it was known either to Lady Trevor or her son, the association of ideas could hardly have escaped them. It was quite a relief to her mind when her hostess, though not until after an uncomfortable pause had expired, inquired in dry indifferent tones, "Why 'The Schoolmistress,' Miss Thorne? I have been told it is the family Ghost."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mr. Gurdon; "Hugh, you never told me there was a Ghost at the Court."

"He was afraid lest you should be afraid, no, doubt," said Clara.

"I think it was very considerate of Mr. Trevor."

"Thanks," said Hugh, with a smile that was not wholly good-natured, for he did not much relish being apologised for; "but let us have the Schoolmistress first, and the Ghost afterwards."

"Well, sir, one of your ancestors, somewhere between now and the Flood, took for his second wife this lady, one Annabel Hood, who had a very great influence over him, as you may easily believe by her portrait."

The face pictured on the canvas was certainly resolute of purpose enough; the features, though regular and handsome, with a certain sternness that almost amounted to cruelty, the lips thin and very slightly curved; the arm stretched forward as if in the act of command.

"A termagant, if you crossed her, I should think," was Mr. Gurdon's criticism. "I would not have been her husband for a trifle."

"What do you think, Mr. Trevor?"

"A bad-tempered woman, no doubt; but I flatter myself I should have found a way to break her in," answered the young man, grimly.

"Oh, Hugh, how can you talk so?" exclaimed Lady Trevor. "You speak of your ancestress as if she was a vicious horse. Miss Thorne is quite frightened at you."

"No, indeed, I am not frightened, Lady Trevor," answered Clara; nor, in truth, did she look so; her eyes, on the contrary, regarded the young man with a certain approbation. "The fact is, I rather sympathise with your son's severity, for this woman deserved it. She was a cruel creature. Her husband had a son—Claude: his picture is on the wall yonder, with its back to his stepmother's, as well it may be, for she killed him."

"Killed him!" exclaimed Mr. Gurdon, in horrified accents.

"Yes. The boy was very slow at his letters—very literally at his letters, for he could not even learn to write—and his lady mother, who was a blue-stocking as well as a martinet, adopting the custom of those good old days, used to beat him severely. One day, when he was very stupid at his writing-lesson, she struck him over the head with a ruler, and the poor lad's troubles were ended for ever. That is the story, is it not, Lady Trevor?"

"I am afraid it is."

"By Jingo," ejaculated Hugh, with unwonted interest, "I hope they didn't hang her for it. I shouldn't like to have an ancestress who was hung."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Gurdon, "that it's just as bad to have had one who deserved hanging."

"Ah, but then you never had an ancestress, old fellow," said Hugh, with a coarse laugh. Then perceiving, not so much his own rudeness as the effect of it on his friend's face, he added hastily, "You see, the longer the line of them, the more certain one must be of having some wicked ones amongst them. One doesn't mind a murderer or two in such a genealogy as mine, provided there is no flaw in it. They may be as sinister as they please, but there must be no *bar sinister*. Well, Miss Thorne, and what was done to your writing-mistress?"

"Nothing; only when she was put in her grave she was not permitted to rest there. Her spirit still haunts a certain room in the Court, which is said to have been the boy's schoolroom, and there she is seen o' nights washing her bloodstained hands."

"They ought also to be inky," observed Hugh sardonically.

that Lady Trevor dotes on her elder son to that extent that she thinks he cannot do wrong."

"And does he?" said Clara, lifting her eyebrows.

"Well, I don't know about wrong, but I heard Papa say that Mr. Hugh Trevor did not set a good example in the village."

"I suppose not; I cannot imagine poor Mr. Hugh even attempting such a thing," was the dry rejoinder. "He is hardly the sort of man one would expect to see teaching in the Sunday School."

"Well, I don't know one single person in all Mirbridge who likes him, that's all," continued Lucy, seriously.

"Really? Not one? Are you quite sure not one?" said Clara, with an air of pretended coquetry which as was usual with her fun, more alarmed than amused her sister.

"No, not one; at least I hope not one, if that one is dear to me," she answered very gravely.

"What a lot of ones," exclaimed Clara critically.

"But you're not serious, Clara, I know you are not really serious," entreated Lucy. "You know how charitable dear Mamma is, and yet even she has a bad opinion of Hugh Trevor. She says he is such an unscrupulous young man."

"Very likely; she speaks as she finds; you know how mushrooms, which we are so fond of, always make her ill, now I don't think Mr. Hugh Trevor at all unwholesome, he agrees with me exceedingly well;" then, in answer to Lucy's look of horror and incredulity, she added; "Perhaps I ought to use the future tense rather than the present; if he does not quite agree with me just yet, I intend him to do so; I can't explain it to you because you are not scientific, but there is a process of assimilation going on."

Lucy said no more, for she knew that remonstrance was useless: she even wondered at herself for having said so much: that what she had said had not aroused her sister's anger was, it was clear, because Clara's affections were not set upon this man at all; she had only set her heart on marrying him. Lucy had suspected it from the very first; but now she had heard—or as good as heard it—from Clara's own lips: it seemed too terrible that she (Clara) could dream of entrusting her future to a man like Hugh, who did not love her, but who was to be made to love her; as if such a thing were humanly possible. Miserable as Lucy felt the position to be, there was however no visible sign of it; she was spared the pain and humiliation of witnessing the means which Clara used to gain her end. She was above all the ordinary arts by which young women are wont to inveigle their prey—a foolish phrase enough in any case, but in this one about as applicable as it would be to the designs of a dove upon a sparrow hawk. Not a glance was ever seen to pass from her to the object of her pursuit that could be called tender, or which could suggest a mutual understanding; no difference of tone could be heard in her voice when she addressed him or another. Even Lady Trevor, though conscious that her dear Hugh (who was so susceptible) was attracted towards Clara Thorne, was obliged to acknowledge that the girl was sensible enough to perceive the utter impossibility of anything serious coming of such a thing, and gave him no encouragement.

It was a difficult part to play, for Hugh, who was accustomed to have his own way in everything, was very open in his attentions; about which his mother had not spoken, only because she was afraid to speak. She shrank from putting herself in antagonism with him in any way; he never was so demonstrative in his affection for her as she would have had him to be, while if any cause of disagreement arose between them, he always made her feel it by his manner. Sooner than bring this punishment upon herself, she preferred to let him have his own way in everything, or almost everything.

The Trevors had received one morning an invitation, which hospitably included Mr. Gurdon, to dine at Catesby Hall, and, as a matter of course, it had been decided to accept it. Sir Richard indeed would willingly have been excused; he remembered what country dinner parties were like, and had no reason to hope that the entertainment in question would be any exception to them. But they were among the lesser evils which his return to Mirbridge had necessitated, and to which he had made up his mind beforehand to submit. It was perfectly obvious that he must go. As to Lady Trevor, though the prospect was still more distasteful to her (because it involved danger to her rather than to her husband) she would not have missed such an opportunity of meeting the County for a thousand pounds. The introduction must be got over somehow, and it was better that it should happen at Catesby than at any less ambitious mansion; when one is learning to swim it is better to begin in the sea. Moreover, besides the huge size of their house, which produced a certain impression (though it was whispered that since her husband's death Lady Joddrell had been overhoused), the family was remarkable for its respectability. Its late owner had been a great legal functionary, and had lined his nest so well, both before and after he had assumed the ermine, that he was known among the irreverend as "Fur and Feathers;" but when he died, after purchasing the Hall, and living in it in state for a few years, Lady Joddrell found her income far too small for the old system of expenditure. On great occasions, such as the present might be fairly considered to be, she launched out, but in a general way lived quietly enough, saving money for her daughters, in case, as began to seem probable, they should not be provided for, as such dear girls deserved to be, in another way. Though there were richer and more highly placed people in the county, there was no one who could impress the proper stamp upon a new comer, and make him current coin, better than Lady Joddrell; and of this Lady Trevor was well aware.

She was writing her acceptance to the invitation in her boudoir after breakfast, when her elder son lounged in with his cigarette. It was the custom of Sir Richard, in continuation of his foreign habits, to smoke "all over the place;" and his son was dutiful in following, so far, the paternal example. He had a velvet suit, with a brilliant scarf-pin, and a watch-chain like a yacht's cable, and looked altogether too townlike; but it could not be denied that he had a very elegant appearance. Dissipation, in its early stage, has rather a refining effect upon some men, and so it was with Hugh Trevor. His mother looked up at him with admiration mingled with a tender solicitude, as upon some too diligent youth, whose health the midnight oil consumed in studies, the object of which was the amelioration of mankind, had somewhat impaired. She held out her disengaged hand to him, lovingly, but he took no notice of it.

"I say, mother, if you are writing to Lady Joddrell, please leave me out of your acceptance. I shan't go."

"Not go, Hugh? What do you mean?" Surprise, distress, and even anger were mingled in her tone. It was for his sake that she was going. Not only was it an opportunity of making him known to everybody, but she had already vague schemes of an alliance for him with one of the Joddrell girls, which would help to establish his position.

"Just what I say, and nothing less. We have asked the Thornes for that very day, as you know, and it's a shame, and what I call snobbish, to put them off, because of these people."

"But the Thornes can come any day, as we were saying at breakfast; and, in fact, your father has decided the matter. The Thornes cannot come and dine here with you alone."

"No, but I can dine with the Thornes; there will be plenty of you to go to Catesby without me, and I know I should be bored to death. If the Thornes were going too, it would be another thing."

"Well, it's very likely they will be asked, my dear; at all events, I must insist upon your accompanying us. What a slight it would be putting upon Lady Joddrell, and indeed upon the

whole party—which is made up for us—if our eldest son were to decline! I cannot say how you distress me by even proposing such a thing."

"I am sorry for that, mother; but I think you are behaving badly to the Thornes, and I for my part shall show them, by stopping at home, that I think as highly of the Vicarage as of Catesby Hall."

Under any other circumstances Lady Trevor would have found little difficulty in believing that her son was actuated by these chivalric ideas; but the importance of the matter in hand weighed down in this case all efforts at self-deception.

"You are merely put out, Hugh," she answered gravely, "because you had promised yourself a flirtation with Clara Thorne, and you cannot make up your mind to forego it."

"You may attribute to me any motive you like," was his angry reply, "as long as you leave me out of your acceptance. Indeed, whether you do or not, I am not going."

"Hugh, for my sake, I entreat you."

He would have been a churl indeed had he been unmoved by that loving appeal, so eloquently pressed by voice and hand and eye, concerning what, after all, involved so small a self-sacrifice on his own part; and he was moved—a little way—to exchange his obstinate negation for a querulous questioning.

"But what on earth makes you want me to go, mother? I am in no want of patronage, I suppose, from this Lord Chief Justice's widow, even though Charles may be. She can put nothing into my pocket."

"Is it not enough, dear, to say I wish it? Do I ask you to do so many things contrary to your inclinations just to please me?"

"But this is so unreasonable," he argued, sullenly. "Come, now, let us make a compromise. If you will get the Thornes asked to Catesby, then I will go too, though I have said I wouldn't."

"How can I get the Thornes asked to Catesby?"

"Oh, you can if you will. You can do anything you please, when you have a mind for it, with father or any one else."

An unpleasant smile accompanied his words. He was absolutely reproaching her—the ungrateful hound—with duplicities which she had practised again and again for his sake upon her husband.

"You think me much cleverer than I am, Hugh," she said, with a sickly smile; "the only way will be to write to Lady Joddrell to say we have asked the Thornes for the very day she has fixed upon, and being such new neighbours, we hardly like to put them off, though they were to be our only guests. Then, perhaps, sooner than lose us, she will ask the Thornes also."

"Of course she will: there you see, that's all arranged; and what a fuss you have made about nothing. I suppose you could not ask that the Thornes and ourselves should be placed together at the dinner table; there, there, I don't press it: only don't say that I always insist upon having my own way." Then off he strolled with the injured air of one who has conferred a favour, against the grain, or has sacrificed some vital principle to human weakness.

(To be continued)



ALTHOUGH many of the members of our Court and the leaders of fashion have fled from the bitter and searching winds of this month to genial climes, our milliners and dressmakers are busily engaged in inventing and perfecting novelties for both home stayers and travellers. One of our leading dressmakers has introduced a very charming novelty for bridesmaids; it consists of a fine, soft, cream-coloured velveteen trimmed with otter; the skirt is arranged in simple folds and drapery, the bodice is plain, made high, and has bands of fur across the front. Velluta, velveteen, and veloutine have been brought to such perfection that it is not surprising to find these materials amongst the leading favourites of this month, they are made in an endless variety of colourings and shades, and are at the same time light, warm, and durable.

One of the most important adjuncts to the toilette is a thoroughly well-fitting corset, made to measure, as no two figures are alike, and now that long waists are in vogue again, a perfect fit is more necessary than when the short waists were fashionable, and certainly more natural. Our readers must bear in mind that a well-fitting corset, in the true acceptance of the word, does not mean a vice-fitting instrument of torture which impedes the movements of the wearer, but a really well-cut bodice from the hands of a skilful artist, who can conceal the defects of a bad figure and bring out the best points of a good one.

Great preparations are being made in honour of the coming Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Alexandra blue, a very deep bright shade, which was a favourite colour of the young Danish bride when first she came amongst us, has been revived, and will be much worn this season. For the same reason silver thread is introduced for embroidery, braid, cord, &c. Unless some untoward circumstance should cast a shadow over it, this promises to be both an early and a very gay season. Apropos of our Princess, a dinner dress from Paris was recently worn by her which will doubtless set the fashion of full plain skirts. It was of rich cream-coloured satin, full and quite plain skirt; on the hem was a border of sable; the same costly fur ornamented the wide hanging sleeves and close-fitting under-sleeves; on the dress, which fastened on the cross from the throat to the hem, was a band of fur; a long sable boa was worn round the throat and reached to the feet.

This fashion of dark fur trimmings and boas for evening dress will please the fortunate possessors of handsome sets of fur, at the same time, becoming as it is to the complexion, it is very dangerous for singers, and all who value a bright clear voice, as it will surely relax and weaken the vocal chords.

In Paris a costume was worn at the theatre made of pale lavender silk serge; the short skirt was arranged all round in organ-pipe pleats, opening in front, over a pale pink *crêpe* gathered petticoat; long-waisted corsage, very low, a folded sash of pink *moiré* fastened in front; round the throat was a thick sable boa. Far less dangerous and more in character with evening dress are the boas of lace, on rose leaves.

A very pretty evening dress for a young girl was recently made with a plain petticoat of winter-sky blue satin, over which was a skirt of blue silk gauze, on which were thickly scattered pink rose leaves; a wreath of leaves went round the edge of the skirt, on the low satin bodice, and short sleeves; a boa of rose leaves was tied loosely round the throat, crossed over the chest, and the long ends knotted together at the back of the skirt. The hair was dressed à la *Chinois*, a most unbecoming style to most faces, and only tolerable for a perfectly formed head and features, which are so rarely to be met with. To ordinary pretty faces the coiffures, à la *Grecque*, either drawn smoothly back into a knot, low down at the back of the head, and on the front three bands of gold, silver, or jet, are most universally becoming, or arranged in short light curls over the forehead and the top of the head, fastened across with strings of pearls, gold or silver beads, or bands.

A very elegant dinner dress came recently from Paris; it was made in the Louis XV. style of figured velvet, a very rich garnet colour, arranged in large pleats, half high bodice at the back, opening over a stomacher and tablier of pale pink brocaded silk; a ruff

of pink lace, high at the back, and sloping off in the front down not the low-cut corsage; elbow sleeves finished off with deep lace ruffles.

This toilette may be carried out in almost any two colours and materials; it looks very stylish in cream-coloured velvet, with a design of pink roses in high relief, over a pink satin petticoat embroidered in silver.

For young girls, plain white satin petticoats, over which are full-gathered skirts of white gauze, or net, embroidered in silk and very tiny gold or silver beads, look pretty and simple. The low bodices may be either draped with puffings of gauze, and trimmed with loops of ribbon, or with a lace scarf fastened on the left shoulder, and gracefully arranged to fall over the skirt. Those of our readers who have secured some of the lace scarves and skirts which were to be had at the sales just over at so moderate a cost may produce most stylish effects with them, provided they have mastered the art of draping tastefully. Entire tabliers are now made of satin or silk leaves falling one over the other; the effect is very novel. For example, a dress of white lace or fancy muslin, with a tablier of large-size petals in pale rose-pink, graduated from the waist downwards, about half-a-yard wide at the hem. The same leaves, on a small scale, form a stomacher to the white satin bodice; a wreath round the shoulders and sleeves. The same design looks well in black lace, with scarlet poppy petals.

A French fashion which is very ungraceful, but must be mentioned as a novelty, is a low bodice made with lappets turned outwards, back and front, over a finely-gathered net tucker. Far prettier is the velvet or satin bodice cut moderately low from the shoulder, in a V-shape back and front, and outlined either with deep lace, feather trimming, swansdown, or fur of a light shade. Thick ruchings of tulle, either dotted with beads or small flowers, are worn on skirts of ball-dresses; if made too thick they have a heavy appearance, and when the wearer is dancing they sway about ungracefully, and are quickly torn from the hem. The tournures are gradually decreasing, and, in fact, it is the object of a good dressmaker to disguise the existence of them as much as possible.

Braiding is still very popular, and likely to remain so. A very useful little jacket for the house, which may be worn with a coloured skirt, is made of black, invisible green, or navy blue fine cloth, with the front, shoulder-pieces, and sleeves trimmed with *moiré* and braided; the back, collar, and basque are trimmed to match. Sometimes this trimming is of plain velvet.

Court dresses are now occupying the attention of mothers and daughters. We have seen some exquisitely beautiful materials for Court trains—silver and gold brocades of the costliest description, Pompadour brocades, striped *moiré* and satin, brocaded velvet, &c. The colours most in vogue are yellow—from the deepest orange to the palest lemon; greens of every shade, including a delicate tint of apple-green, and some daring shades of poppy-colour, which kill everything they come near, and fill with despair the wearers of a faded rose and other pale colourings when in close proximity to them. There are but two ways of arranging a train—from the shoulders or from the waist, the former is the better for either young and very slender girls, or for matrons inclined to *embonpoint*, the latter is more suitable for tall and graceful figures.

As we have said before, not one amateur in a hundred can make a Court train. It requires a thoroughly practical and skilful hand to arrange this portion of the costume.

Although petticoats are most elaborately trimmed with embroidery, lace, and flowers, they may be managed by a dressmaker of ordinary skill.

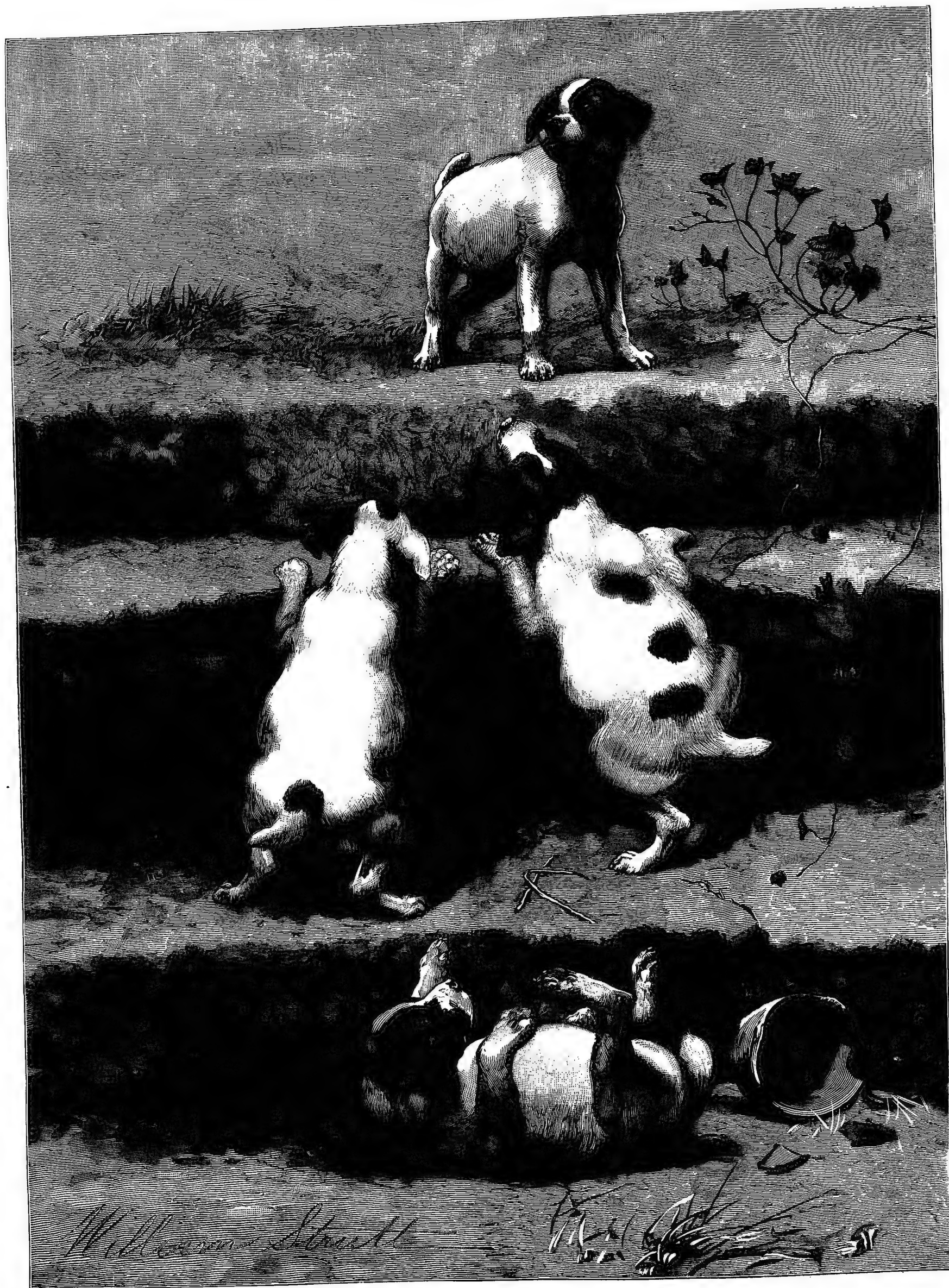
Feather fans are very fashionable. They are often mounted in the shape of a Prince of Wales's plume, a small bouquet of real flowers to match those worn on the dress is tied to the handle with a ribbon bow and ends.

Feather muffs are much worn; they are edged with thick pleatings of plush, velvet, or satin, and tied round the middle with a wide band, from which hang long bows and loops of ribbon. *Bien entendu*, they must match the bonnet or dress in colouring and trimming. But after all there is nothing warmer and more comfortable on a cold March day than a well-cut sealskin jacket, trimmed with beaver or otter, and a hat and muff to match—at all events for a trim figure.



No perished landmark of London has a more interesting story than the stream which, rising between Highgate and Hampstead, found its way into the Thames where now Blackfriars Bridge joins its northern bank. Therefore Mr. John Ashton had an excellent subject in "The Fleet: Its River, Prison, and Marriages" (Fisher Unwin). As the volume is liberally interspersed with pictures from original drawings and engravings, and with quotations from many documents and works which recall the life of the past, it could not well be other than entertaining and instructive to those who like to add to their knowledge of the past of the greatest city in the world. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether Mr. Ashton has made the most of his opportunities. The springs and wells that followed the course of the Fleet River are responsible for much permanent nomenclature of London Streets. Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit, Coldbath, Lamb's Conduit, Clerkenwell, all border the old stream. Mr. Ashton will be read probably with most interest in his version of the scandalous chronicle of the Fleet Marriages. Here, for instance, is a curious entry:—"January 5th, 1742. On Tuesday last, two persons, one of Skinner Street, and the other of Webb's Square, Spittle Fields; exchange'd wives, to whom they had been married upwards of twelve years; and the same Day, to the content of all Parties, the Marriages were consummated at the Fleet. Each Husband gave his wife away to the other, and in the evening had an entertainment together." The last Fleet Wedding may be found recorded in the *Times* of July 10th, 1840. "The Fleet" will afford entertainment and instruction to its readers.

Colonel Cuthbert Larking was a member of a pleasant and exciting hunting expedition in the Deccan jungles last year. He gives the narrative of his adventures in "Bandobast and Khabar" (Hurst and Blackett), which is illustrated from original drawings by the author. Colonel Larking was the guest of one of the great Hyderabad nobles, the Vikar-ul-Umra, and consequently enjoyed the luxuries of the highest culinary science in the farthest recesses of the Indian forest. He describes a remarkable feat of an Indian snake-charmer who performed one day at Poona, where Colonel Larking was lunching with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught: "He was in a state of nature, except for a small waist-cloth, and this I examined to see that it contained no snakes. He stood up in front of the verandah, which was covered with creepers, and began to play on a reed instrument, at the same time peering sharply into the foliage; all of a sudden he would make a spring forward and pull out a snake. Close to my tent he caught a very large cobra in this way, seizing it by the back of the neck as it lay under a stone, and showing us the fangs, which he afterwards extracted with a knife and stick. If he had placed it there, it was a marvellous feat of legerdemain, and yet the most credulous amongst us could scarcely believe that the compound was such a preserve for reptiles. He produced them from all corners of the garden. After he left we



"EXCELSIOR"

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILLIAM STRUTT, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR ARTHUR CLAY, BART., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

saw no more of them." Altogether the author presents his Indian experiences to the public in very readable shape.

A useful work for those who study the practical politics of to-day is Mr. Thomas Kirkup's "An Inquiry into Socialism" (Longmans). The aim of the work is to bring out what is fundamental in Socialism, both as contrasted with the prevailing social system, and with theories for which it is usually mistaken. The point of view taken by Mr. Kirkup is this: that signs are gathering that we shall need to reconsider many of the principles underlying our present social and economic system; that we have accepted as absolute theories which now appear to have only a relative application, and have adopted for permanent service formulas that seem to have only a temporary value. In view of such indications he holds it good to make a statement of the cardinal principles of Socialism, and considers that a discussion of its fitness to serve as a new economic basis of society may be useful. Mr. Kirkup sums up his ideal thus: "A free instructed people, controlling their own interests, political and economic, central and local, on democratic and co-operative principles—such, undoubtedly, seems to be the most desirable form of society."

The story of the nonagenarian German Emperor must be very poorly told if it does not sustain the attention of readers. No better subject-matter for historical biography exists than that which Mr. G. Barnett Smith has employed for his "William I. and the German Empire: A Biographical and Historical Sketch" (Sampson Low). The author has sought to combine with the personal narrative some account first of the Prussian kingdom and people, and secondly of the foundation and consolidation of the new German Empire. In a useful Appendix he gives a collection of statistics from recent returns which furnish a bird's-eye view of the extent, growth, and present position of Germany. Mr. Smith has been well advised, in making his book, to add an index at the end for reference. On the whole, his volume is a valuable *resumé* of much that is notable in a great career.

Mrs. Dominic Daly tells us a great deal that is worth knowing about a portion of the antipodean island-continent which is unfamiliar to most persons. Her work is entitled, "Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in the Northern Territory of South Australia" (Sampson Low). The author's father was appointed Government Resident of the Northern Territory, in April, 1870, and she accompanied him on what was a somewhat adventurous voyage thither with the rest of her family. Mrs. Daly has had her own experiences to draw on, and, besides these, she has been able to use official reports placed at her disposal by Sir Arthur Blythe, and has utilised further material to be found in South Australian, Victorian, and New South Wales papers. The subject she deals with has not, so far as we know, been ever brought before the public in the form of a book till now. The Dalys were so much isolated from the world at Port Darwin that the whole Franco-Prussian War was fought before they even heard of there being a prospect of war at all. The land is described as one of splendid promise, and certainly the author has broken new ground in admirable fashion.

A bright little book is "Through the West Indies" (Sampson Low), by Mrs. Granville Layard. The authoress gives, in brief, readable, and lively form, her impressions in Tobago, Trinidad, Demerara, St. Vincent, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Cuba, and of the scenery up the rivers in British Guiana. She holds the universal opinion of the capital of our South American colony. "If I lived in British Guiana," she says, "I should be very proud of Georgetown. It is the only pleasant and ornamental city in the West Indies, as far as my travels extended." When a pleasant tropical life and a nature beautiful beyond the ordinary English dreams of loveliness are so close to us, owing to improvements in means of steam communication, it is strange that the West Indian colonies are not more frequently visited by our country-folk.

Of mission-work in the German Ocean, and of the wild, rough life lived by our fishermen there, Mr. E. J. Mather supplies a readable account in "Nor'ard of the Dogger" (James Nisbet). The work is takingly illustrated by Mr. J. R. Wells and Mr. C. J. Staniland, R.I. It is a story of philanthropic labour, related by one who had a chief part in it, and whose enthusiasm and zeal largely contributed to its success. Beyond its religious interest, it will convey an idea of the strange existence led by the floating human population of the great eastern fish-bank. They are more of the sea than of the land, for nearly the whole of their existence is passed on the deep. Consequently, their ways and habits are worth noting. As specimens of humanity, they have much in common with the old Norse Vikings.

Mr. Hugh Haliburton presents the world with a very readable little volume of essays in "For Puir Auld Scotland's Sake" (William Paterson). They are mainly literary and descriptive, and are not without that *verve* and sprightliness which go to justify the collection into book-form of fugitive pieces. By the author's countrymen this bright little literary garland should be appreciated.

All persons who follow with interest the episodes of aeronautic enterprise will find much to please them in Mr. Harry Coxwell's "My Life and Balloon Experiences" (W. H. Allen). There is also a supplementary chapter on Military Ballooning, which shows accurately how far this science has been patronised by the War Offices of different countries. Mr. Coxwell, besides describing his own remarkable career, devotes interesting chapters to notable ascents during this century, to the ascent of over five miles by Green and Rush, and to Channel ballooning. Although Mr. Coxwell's grievances against our own military authorities crop up with considerable frequency, his volume must be regarded as unique in its way, and as affording a trustworthy chronicle of the numerous attempts that have been made to solve the problem of aerial navigation.

Mr. George St. Clair has edited a further series of the lectures of Mr. George Dawson, M.A., entitled "Shakespeare and Other Lectures" (Kegan Paul). They are, unfortunately, in many cases, only transcriptions from imperfect newspaper reports, but some reported by a Miss Beauclerc are given with a near approach to fulness and accuracy. The essays are readable, and, no doubt, as the editor hopes, will be found bracing and helpful by many young people.

Messrs. Spon have published a work which may be highly commended to the British housewife, "Spon's Household Manual: A Treasury of Domestic Receipts and Guide for Home Management." The editors of this portly volume assert that they have been guided by a determination to make it a book of reference such as no housewife can afford to be without. Such everyday matters as bad drains, the gaps in chickens, the removal of stains from clothes, the bandaging of wounds, or the management of the kitchen range, are not thought to be beneath consideration. The 963 pages are replete with every sort of useful information, which is made more readily available for the inquirer by a very complete index.

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a collection of "Addresses," by the Rev. Edward Thring, Head Master of Uppingham School from 1853 to 1887. They deserve to be read by all schoolmasters anxious to discharge adequately all the duties of their profession. They are full of suggestive earnest thought and advice. Dr. Thring's long practical experience of teaching work gives especial value to every word he utters for the guidance of those engaged in the profession he pursued to his death. The following is worth consideration by educational authorities:—"The inspector destroys teaching, because he is bound by law and necessity to examine according to a given pattern, and the perfection of teaching is that it does not work by a given pattern. Minds cannot be inspected. The minds of the class cannot be produced as specimens on a board with a pin stuck

through them, like beetles. Shoving in the regulation quantity is one thing, clearing the stuff out of the bewildered brain and strengthening the mind is another, and the two are foes." Indeed, "Addresses" is a book to be studied by those engaged in the training of young minds.

Of late years a great advance has been made in the supply of atlases which are portable and legible, and one of the best of these is the "Handy Reference Atlas of the World," by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. (John Walker and Co.). It contains in a convenient volume of duodecimo size no less than seventy-six maps, and these comprise very full sectional maps of the British Islands, the Colonies, India, and the United States (being those parts of the world in which English readers are most interested), plans of the environs of the chief cities of Europe, America, and Australia, several physical maps, a statistical account of the various States of the world, and a full index. The maps are engraved and printed with commendable clearness.

G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York and London) are publishing from the Knickerbocker Press a series of dainty little volumes, beautifully printed and got-up, entitled "Knickerbocker Nuggets," and one of these just issued contains the chief items which are worthy of permanent preservation in the celebrated "Letters of Chesterfield." A short preface is given, showing who Lord Chesterfield was, and how these epistles came to be written. A translation of Sainte-Beuve's well-known essay on the noble writer is also appended. This is just the volume for the daily traveller to pop into his breast-pocket, and dip into while in the tram-car, omnibus, or railway carriage, and we promise him that he will derive more entertainment and instruction from it than are sometimes afforded by those closely-serialised columns of Parliamentary debates which are only too faithfully supplied to him by his favourite newspaper.

Yet another handbook to "Patience!" In "Have Patience" (J. W. Arrowsmith) Mr. F. Guise describes some fifty varieties of the game. The book is neatly got up, and the explanations seem clear, though they would be better for a few more diagrams.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN unusual amount of genuine poetry is to be found in "The Ballad of Hádji, and Other Poems," by Ian Hamilton (Kegan Paul). The opening piece is a really fine ballad, with great power, and pathos so intense as to be almost painful. But we must, in all friendliness, point out to Mr. Hamilton that "verses" as a substantive can only be used in the plural; and that, were it otherwise, the rhyme is bad; also that "to ride the grisly boar" is a construction suggesting a ludicrous idea, quite removed from what he meant; why not "to drive," which is a recognised term of ventry? "Child Life" is charming; and in "Still is the Spot," and some other pieces, we recognise genuine sympathy with nature. Indeed, the little book is something of a treat; only we fear that Mr. Hamilton has been from home some time, or how could he make such a Cockney rhyme as "dawning" and "scorning?"

"A Lay of a Cannibal Island, and Other Poems, Grave and Gay," by John George Watts (Judd and Co.), is a pleasant little book, containing a good deal of genuine humour, and some equally genuine pathos—although the palm of excellence should, perhaps, be awarded to the comic pieces, some of which are worthy to be classed with anything of the kind that has been written of late years. The opening verses, for instance, remind one not unfavourably of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and equally humorous are the "Marriage in High Life" and the "Tale of a Tiger's Head." Amongst the serious poems we should select "The Fortune Teller" as the best, by reason of its weird intensity; but "Deserted" is a pathetic story, and some of the minor pieces are graceful and pretty—notably "Jack's Return" and "May Day Memories."

We have seldom met with a more objectionable volume of what the author supposes to be poetry than "Roses and Thorns," by C. W. Heckethorn (City of London Publishing Company). It is not only that the author has almost everything to learn concerning verse-making, but the matter is still worse than the manner; attacks on religion alternate with gross offences against decency, and the culminating point is a wild rant against Waterloo, worthy of Bedlam.

Two little volumes of agreeable verse reach us, both from the pen of the late Dr. Thring, for so many years Head Master of Uppingham School, and published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin; they are respectively entitled "Poems and Translations" and "Uppingham School Songs and Borth Lyrics." Under the circumstances of their publication criticism is, of course, almost out of place; still, it may be said that the contents give evidence of a refined and cultivated mind, and, whilst breathing a spirit of true piety, are manly and wholesome in tone. We would specify, in the first-named volume, an epigrammatic little poem entitled "Death," and the versions of German hymns made for the school hymn-book; in the second-named the "Cricket Song," and some of the sea-side poems. Naturally, the interest is to some extent local, and the books are sure of a public amongst past and present Uppingham boys; but others may read them with pleasure.



THE author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," and "Court Royal" has amply won the right to have his work judged by standards higher than anybody would dream of applying to the mass of contemporary fiction. In saying, therefore, that "Richard Cable, the Lightshipman" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is less than the equal of its predecessors, we speak by comparison only, and are very far indeed from depreciating it as a work of striking originality, vitality, and power. Its falling short of the others in interest, and incapacity for impressing itself on the memory, seems due to the fact that the author has dealt rather with types of character than with those extremes of grotesqueness or passion wherewith he knows how to deal in so masterful a way. He is always best in extremes, and is least happy in the so-called golden mean. On the other hand, if Richard Cable and Josephine Cornells are not among his most striking creations, they are among the most sympathetic. They could not have been created save by a psychologist of the first rank; and, what is more, they are so dealt with as to enable other men and women to part from them with a better comprehension of themselves, and a truer and kindlier understanding of each other. There is plenty of satire surrounding their story, with its promise of the most terrible of all tragedies, the needless and unmerited ruin of two lives by one another. But the satire is never bitter—it is that of humour rather than of wit (though that is not absent), and is never without a suggestion of higher things, as of realities which have to be taken account of in human life fully as much as love and money. We are glad that the author has been able to reconcile a happy close with his dramatic conscience; and most naturally and touchingly, as well as happily, that close is managed. Then the novel is not without the ever-welcome, but well-nigh extinct, element of downright fun, as in the episode of the "Magpie beer." The author seems to have a nervous dread of the class of

readers whom he calls "Gallopers," and to whom he devotes a few not undeserved reflections. But we should say that few authors are less likely to suffer from them.

Readers who remember an anonymous novel called "Caterina"—and there are certain to be many of them—will follow with pleasure and interest the further fortunes of several of its characters in the same writer's "Countess Irene" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons). For others, a previous perusal of "Caterina" would, though not indispensable to the enjoyment of "Countess Irene," be certainly an advantage. Irene herself, who was merely mentioned in the former novel, and then in such a manner as to give no good impression of her, turns out to be a woman of curiously complex charm—a delightful combination of unselfishness and self-will, of impulse and strength of mind. The story is slight, but sufficient to serve as a frame for her portrait, and contains some excellent landscape-work besides. Life in Vienna is described more brightly and amusingly than attractively, and from somewhat unusual points of view. The whole novel is exceedingly artistic and finished, both in design and execution, as is natural in a work that shows so many pleasant signs of owing something, at any rate, to the influence of "Consuelo." "Countess Irene," like its predecessor, is very distinctly above the average of fiction.

"His Cousin Betty," that is to say, Betty Amherst, is more than charming enough to give title to Frances Mary Peard's exceedingly pleasant and, in many respects, charming novel (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). The story is, like an increasing number of stories, of married unhappiness, instead of the pre-nuptial troubles which used to monopolise fiction. But everything turns out happily, and not with the customary moonlight or twilight substitute for happiness; so that the story is not only pleasanter to read than most of its class, but pleasanter to finish—by which we imply a compliment, despite some ambiguity of expression. It is also entirely healthy, which is more than can be said of all matrimonial novels. Betty herself, both before and after marriage, is a thoroughly real girl and woman, no less in the midst of her heart-troubles than when running wild upon Dartmoor fancy free. The other characters are also well drawn, and the story increases in interest as it goes on. Indeed, the opening is decidedly the least well managed portion of the novel—the authoress sets out by explaining her characters too carefully instead of leaving them to display themselves in speech and action. But she soon feels her feet, so to speak, and the awkwardness of the start soon passes away. There is a good deal of change of scene—Bayreuth (with a performance of *Parsifal*), Prague, the Channel Islands, and elsewhere; and there is at least one strong incident in the form of the exciting fire which indirectly brings an apparently hopeless state of things to a happy end.

Another exceedingly matrimonial novel, called "The Moloch of Fashion," by Felise Lovelace (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is of a very different order. Felise Lovelace has apparently one idea—that "society," in the most limited and objectionable use of the word, is a sink of corruption; unless, indeed, she has another, that it is her duty to expose it. We conjecture that she has gained her knowledge solely from a diligent study of those portions of the daily Press which, of necessity, give a somewhat one-sided view of things in general. This seems the more probable, inasmuch as she dilates on cases that have been actually before the public, only making slight and silly changes in the names of the persons involved. Another reason for the surmise is the appropriateness of her style to her subject. No doubt Felise Lovelace writes with all the high moral purpose of a would-be reformer; but virtue, we prefer to think, stands in no need of the assistance of vulgarity.

Lady William Lennox, in "Castle Heather" (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), tells, in a rather slipshod way, how two particularly silly girls pulled caps for a beautiful but feeble-minded cad; how the more amiable of the girls was unlucky enough to get him; and how the other was compensated by catching a French marquis with no end of money and diamonds. The people are absolutely uninteresting, and their story is of the usual school-girlish kind.



JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"Six Vocal Duets," music by Wilfred Bendall, words by various poets, ancient and modern, are well adapted for school-room study and drawing-room execution. No. I., "Weep No More," is a quaint sixteenth-century poem (anonymous); No. II., "The Sun and the Brook," is a bright little poem, well translated from the German of Rückert; No. III. is Shakespeare's graceful poem from *The Merchant of Venice*, "How Sweet the Moonlight;" this is the most attractive of the group; No. IV., "Song of the Minnesingers," is from the German, thirteenth century; No. V., "Snowbloom," is a graceful poem by Lucy Larkcom; No. VI., "A Song for the Seasons," is one of Barry Cornwall's charming effusions.—No. XI. of "Operatic Fantasias for the Violin," with pianoforte accompaniments by E. Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac., Oxon., is a very effective selection from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, well arranged.—Two useful drawing-room pianoforte pieces by Henri Rouhier are, "Pavane Romantique" ("Dernier Tournoi d'Henri II."), and "Hymne Patriotique" ("Le Jubilee de la Reine Victoria").—Admirers of Sydney Smith's showy arrangements will be pleased with a "Fantasie Brillante" for the pianoforte on *Les Cloches de Corneville* by this composer.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—A very elaborate frontispiece attracts attention to a "Jubilee Memorial," in the form of a chorale for four voices, music by F. S. Dugmore, the words translated from the German "Treu und Fest." This chorale was sung at the funeral of the Prince Consort, which fact invests it with a certain interest which it would not otherwise possess.—"My Country," one of Tom Moore's famous patriotic poems, has been set to fairly good music by George Staker as a four-part song for S.A.T.B.—There is much merit in a "Sonata in C Major" for the pianoforte, by Erskine Allon.—"May," a *valse*, by Clifford Harry, is tuneful, and easy to play.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A group of songs, for which may be prophesied a long and successful career, consists of "In the Golden Long Ago," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Louis Diehl; "A Mother's Love," words by the above-named poet, music by Hope Temple; "Come and Rest," the pleasing words by Ellis Walton, music by L. Denza; and "The Light of Love," words by Mavor Willis, music by Ciro Pinsuti. The three latter-named of the group are published in three keys—"Voulez Vous;" is a very taking *valse* by Georges Lamothe.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A thoroughly useful work is "Webster's Groundwork of Music." Book I. contains graduated work for pupils upon clefs, time, scales, keys, and intervals, with a few concise notes upon each subject. Book II. contains fifty-five miscellaneous examination papers (including 594 questions upon clefs, time, &c.), together with many technical terms used in music (Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—Very original and clever is "Gavotte en Sol Mineur" for the piano, by G. Bachmann; it will, no doubt, be a general favourite wherever it is heard. "La Belle Alliance March" and "The Ida Waltz" by H. S. Elliott, are fair specimens of their schools (Messrs. J. McDowell and Co.).



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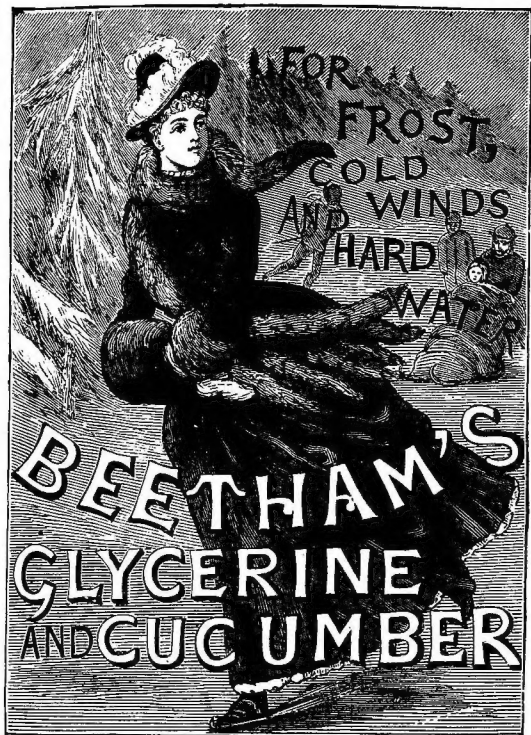
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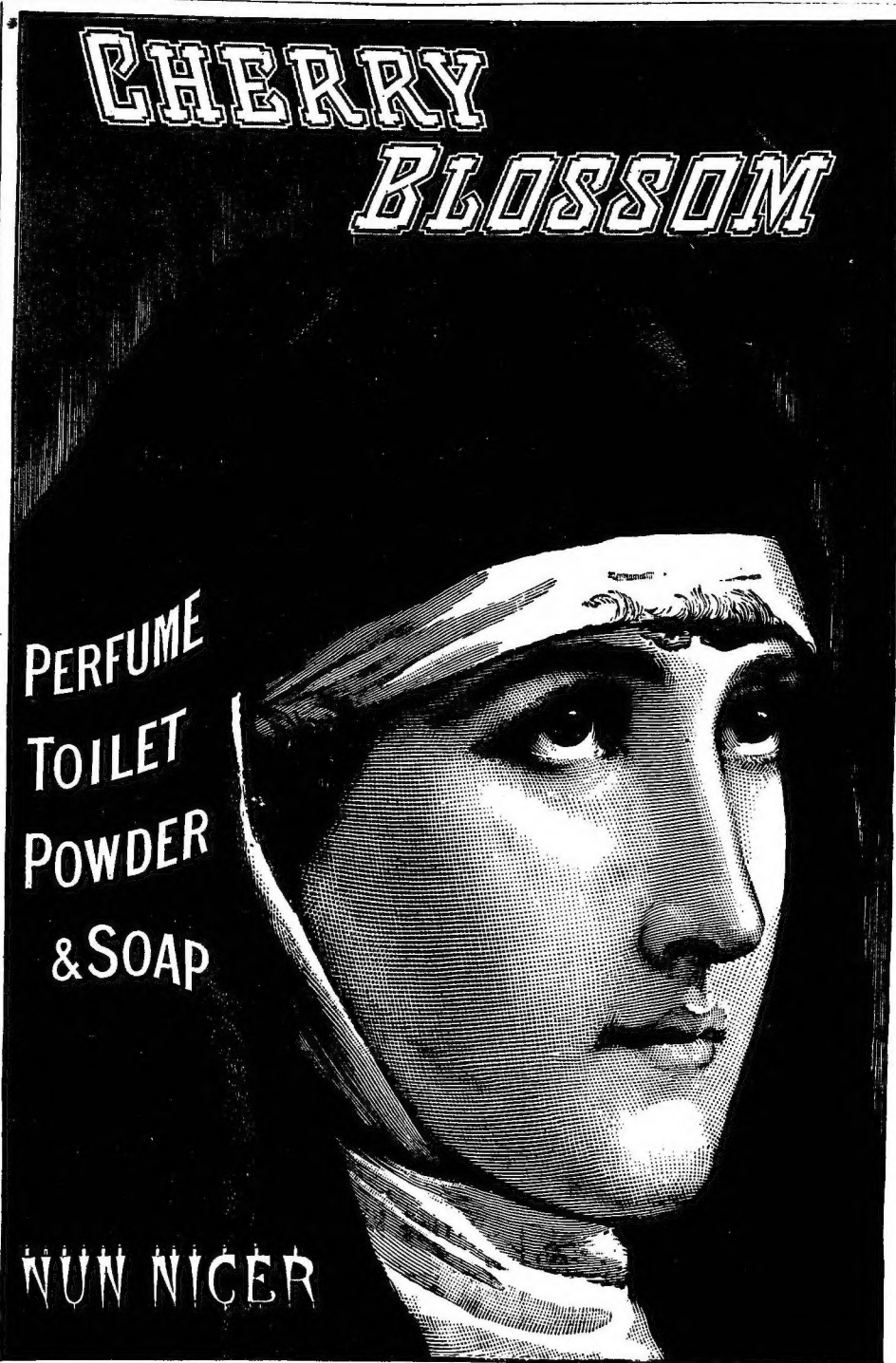
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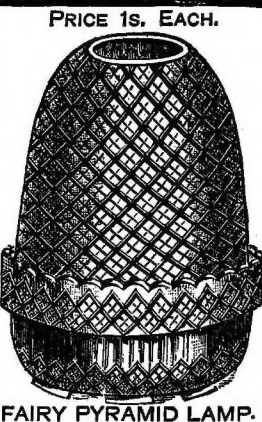
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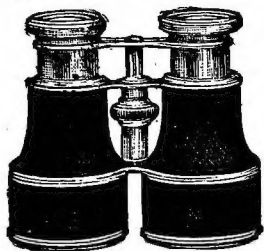
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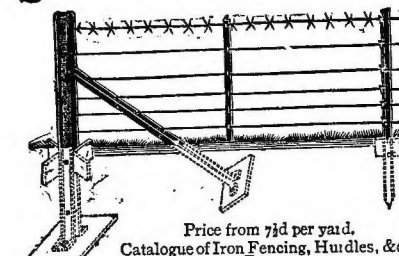
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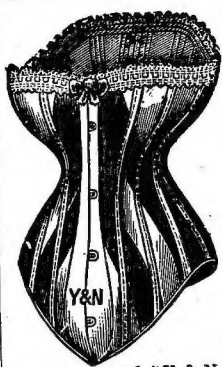
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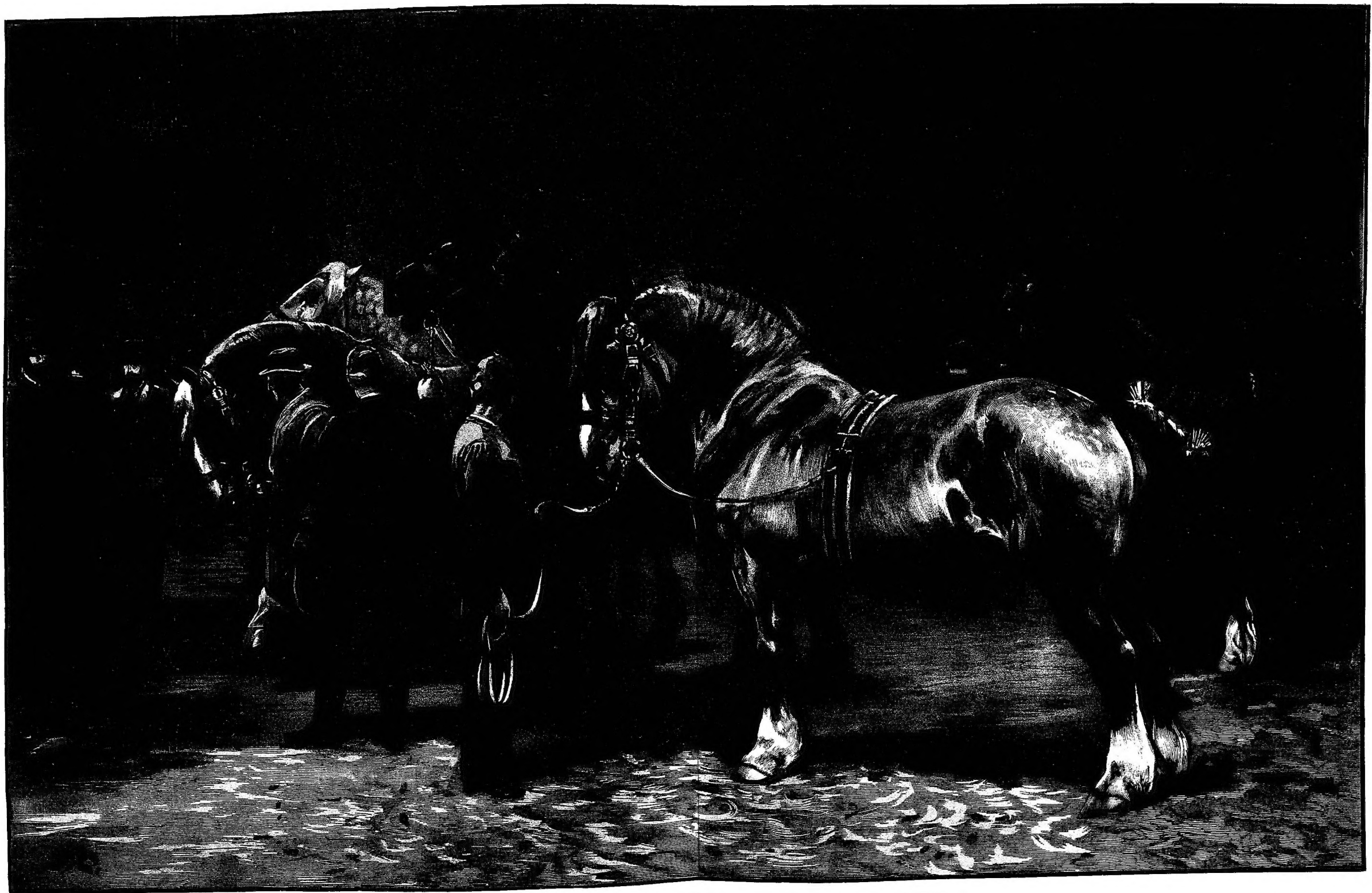
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